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THE CHANGING TIME.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

Time changes and we change! with laughter
We utter the words in our youth.
Before the swift years coming after
Have taught us to sigh at their truth,
Or slaken our first self-reliance,
How gaily they trip o'er the tongue:
We set the whole world at defiance,
What time we are headstrong and young.

But ah, when life's early romances
Are lost in a homely routine;
When facts prove more stubborn than fancies,
And youth is a thing that has been;
We set to a melody minor
The burden so joyous before,
And murmur with sympathies finer,
The changes of time now once more.

Then alack for the loves and the graces,
For spring and its beauty divine,
For smiles upon dear vanished faces,
Which gladdened the days of "lang syne."
Yet autumn hath hours that are pleasant,
And blessings around us are cast;
Thank God for the peace of the present,
Thank God for the joy of the past.

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE fiddlers had tuned their instruments to the correct pitch, and were playing away valiantly; the rooms were growing every moment more and more crowded. Through all the open windows came the sweet perfume of the living flowers without to mingle with that of the dying ones within, and through the close velvety darkness one's eyes pierced to where star-like lights hung suspended on tree and shrub.

The Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who was a real life Duke, and a bachelor to boot—though an old one—had arrived half an hour back, yet still the house-party—more particularly Lady Lucy Verulam openly and Mrs. Scarlett secretly—were on the very tip-toe of expectancy.

Would she come? Would she not come? They were the enthralling questions of the hour. Lady Lucy almost lost her place in her conversation with the Duke, she was so absorbed in it; she dearly loved excitement in any form, and here was a chance of seeing the downfall of her dear friend Mrs. Scarlett—who up till now had reigned queen-paramount of beauty—if all that Cicely said was true. But who could be depended upon? She rather feared that Marvel would fall far below the standard set up.

Mrs. Scarlett, in an exquisite gown of cardinal brocade, looked like a spot of blood in the assembly. She was sitting, as usual—she seldom stood—surrounded by a group of admirers. She was as handsome as ever in her own peculiar style, yet one could not fail to see that the year that had gone by had told upon her.

Her color was a little higher, her lashes were blacker, but all the art in the world could not hide the lines that physical pain had drawn round the thin, but exquisitely formed, lips. She had been threatened by half a dozen young beauties during the past season, all lovely enough, said Rumor, to put her in the shade; yet, when confronted with her, though charming girls in every way, it had been seen that they were nowhere when foolishly brought beneath the glare of her charms, and they had fallen out of notice after a while.

But to-night some strange foreboding made her heart chill. All along her instinct had warned her against that *protege*, of Lady Mary Craven's. She half dreaded this girl as a possible rival, and wholly hated her as the being who had stepped in and won from her her lawful prey.

If that old man Dawtry had not been taken when even over-ripe to his fathers, Wriothesley could have easily been let go; but, as he had joined the majority, it was a bitter thing to her that Wriothesley—her fall-back—had been put out of her reach by a child—a mere chit of a thing of whom he had proved himself tired in five or six weeks. She had heard all of Mrs. Verulam's kindly explanations, of course, as to the cause of Wriothesley's separation from his wife, but she had not believed any of them.

She lay back in her chair as she thought of it now, and smiled to herself insolently. She afraid of a fool—a failure such as that! The girl's boasted beauty must be a poor thing indeed, if a man tired of it in five short weeks.

All through her meditations she was throwing a word here and there to her courtiers, but her mind was on this girl who had stolen Wriothesley from her and had spoiled her chance of being a countess, and she was glad in her soul to think Marvel had been openly slighted by the man she had married, and made of no account by him. She told herself she scoffed at and derided such charms as hers—charms that could capture a man, but could not hold him, and——

Marvel had entered the room—a tall, slender, stately creature, clad all in purest white, with diamonds glittering on neck and arms, and gleaming warmly among the soft masses of her lovely hair. Mrs. Verulam stood beside her, and together they advanced up the room, stopping now and again as the former paused to introduce Lady Wriothesley to one or two people of importance.

Marvel was looking intensely lovely, and showed the terrible nervousness that was consuming her only by the increasing pallor that marked her face. She was drawing near the corner where Mrs. Scarlett sat, and a little hush had fallen upon the people there.

Mrs. Scarlett herself was leaning forward, forgetful of everything but her anxiety to get a nearer view of the girl whose face she had caught a faint glimpse of between the moving forms of the dancers. Then there was a moment when she stood clearly revealed; and Mrs. Scarlett, as she saw her, grew curiously still, her breath coming from her like a deep, long-drawn sigh.

Some awful fascination kept her eyes fixed on Marvel, and then—what was it? Was she going to faint? She swayed a little, and then recovered herself with a sharp effort.

That lovely face over there—what other face did it resemble? What horrible thing was this that rose before her and cried aloud, "At last, at last, at last!" in tones that would not be stifled? Was all this madness or what?

She leaned farther forward, and positively glared at the girl standing pale, and tranquil, and unconscious, until one near her remarked the intensity of her gaze, and lightly touched her on the arm with a still lighter jest, she recovered herself then, but her face remained pallid as the dead.

Thus, fair and tranquil, had that figure stood out from the surrounding darkness in her dream. It all came back to her now, and with a strange sense that fate was crushing down upon her which seemed to paralyze her limbs. She made a vehement struggle to overcome her emotion, and after a while succeeded; but the weary pain in her side which was beginning to torment her day and night, grew stronger because of this effort, and she leaned languidly back in her chair, hardly deigning to answer those who spoke to her.

Marvel unconsciously was creating a sensation. Her strange, romantic wedding was, of course, town-talk, and now everybody, more or less, was discussing her merits and demerits.

So this was the little waif, the stray child that Wriothesley had married! No one knew who she was—a mere nobody—nay, in all probability, worse than a nobody. Of course that sort of thing never did. Here was she, now, irretrievably bound to him; but where was he? It was one of the most unfortunate things that had happened to a man of position for a very long time.

All this from the women; the men were more lenient. They could see and acknowledge that at all events she was unspeakably beautiful, and allowed there was every excuse for even so rash a marriage; but how account for his long absence? That puzzled them even more than the women, who were not so willing to admit her charms.

Mrs. Verulam was faithful to Marvel, and kept her beside her without appearing to do so, knowing well how unstrung she was, and how unequal to the carrying on of light conversation with those around her in her present state of mind. But after a while she began to be besieged with entreaties for an introduction to Lady Wriothesley, who already, even at this early stage of her appearance in public life, was becoming the rage.

Lady Lucy Verulam, too, was delighted with her. This was not one of Cicely's absurd swans who invariably turned out geese, but a real, *bona fide rara avis*. Unquestionably she would be the new beauty: and, as it is always politic to be on good terms with a rising star, she made herself amazingly civil.

But presently Marvel moved away to get through a square dance with the Duke, feeling secretly shy and uncertain, and yet half longing to join the gay dancing circle without; and Mrs. Verulam, finding herself alone, turned instantly upon her sister-in-law, whom she had not had the chance of scolding before.

"My dear Lucy, how could you have asked Mrs. Scarlett?" she said, in a highly-aggrieved tone.

"My dear creature, why not?" returned Lady Lucy, a large, handsome, florid woman of about forty-five, whose manners, although she was the third daughter of a marquis, could scarcely be called her strong point.

She was not exactly ill-natured; but she was capable of doing or saying a hurtful thing now and again.

"When I gave you leave to ask here whom you would to please yourself, I certainly did think you would have remembered that Lady Wriothesley was likely to be one of my party!"

"Well, so I did! I recollected it perfectly. That was why I asked Leonie. In the dull season when the men think of nothing but their bags, any little excitement becomes desirable; and a meeting between those two ought to have something of the tragic in it. By-the-bye, it hasn't come off yet, has it? I should be very sorry to miss it."

"I wish you would arrange for your little excitements to come off in somebody else's house. I shall not have Marvel subjected to anything of the kind! She is not of the common clay one meets always; and I don't care to see her annoyed. Considering all that has occurred between Mrs. Scarlett and Wriothesley, her being here now is extremely awkward, to say the least of it."

"Nonsense! If every woman of your acquaintance objected to meet the other woman with whom her husband is, or was in love, there would be precious little visiting going on anywhere, I take it. And, besides, Lady Wriothesley, so far as I can judge, is far from stupid."

"You judge very correctly! She is, on the contrary, cleverer than most, and has been educated to quite a pitch. She has an exquisite voice—not powerful, but purest music all through. With regard to Mrs. Scarlett, however, your argument about others' feelings is nothing to me. I care only that Marvel should not be hurt; and that woman is capable of anything."

"Short of suicide," said Lady Lucy, smiling. "She'll never hurt herself! I say, did you see the glance she cast at the little one as she came up the room? It was a play in itself—a play of feature certainly. Already she could eat her, seeing herself virtually dethroned. Rawdon told me she was frantic when she first heard of Wriothesley's marriage. It appears she knew nothing of it until after the old Duke's death, which must have piled up the agony a bit. To have been a countess would have been a 'come-down'; but it would have been better than the 'nothing' that it now is." She chuckled to herself again; and then: "I wonder how she escaped hearing of it?"

"Nobody heard of it until weeks had gone by. It was a hurried affair; and their starting in the yacht directly after—on the very afternoon of the wedding, in fact—made Wriothesley forget to put it in the papers. It must have been rather a shock to her; but I really grudge her nothing. She behaved shamefully to him."

"Kindly, I think," said Lady Lucy, with a faint yawn. "She would have made a truly odious cousin, though a possible companion. I for one should never have forgiven her"—with a shrug of her ample shoulders that signified distaste for Mrs. Scarlett, though she professed herself to be that Lady's bosom friend. "She can be as nasty as any one I know, when the moment suits her. By-the-bye, does Marvel know, do you think, about her and Wriothesley?"

"I am quite certain she does not."

"That is bad for your friend," said Lady Lucy. "Leonie is not likely to let her go without a sting or two."

"That is why I am so distressed at her being here. Now she has come, I must, of course, be civil; but I warn you I shall defend Marvel at all risks. And I agree with you that the woman is not to be trusted. She will not respect that poor child's innocence, but will say something that will explain the whole unhappy story to her."

"And so put her in 'a tender taking'? Well, I shouldn't wonder," replied Lady Lucy. "I know the languid Leonie as well as most; and it seems to me a likely thing that she should seek to make the child's life a burden to her, if only for the sake of dear revenge. Therefore, a word to you, Cicely. Forestall Mrs. Scarlett in her communication—I mean, have the first of it. In that way you will take the edge off the knife. Tell Marvel yourself of that old attachment of Wriothesley's—which I rather fancy is still alive—and put her on her guard. That is the truest friendship you can show her. And positively I begin to think she has bewitched even me, case-hardened as I am, with those pretty looks of hers, or I should not be here lecturing you now as to her defence. You will tell her?"

"I really—I—that is—well, I really don't believe I could," said Mrs. Verulam, as if half ashamed of this sudden weakness.

"Well, if you can't, I warn you that presently there will be a most unlovely row somewhere," said her sister-in-law, with lazy warmth. "To be as old as you, Cicely, and so wanting in strength of mind, is deplorable."

"I'm not so very old, if it comes to that," said Mrs. Verulam. "And I need not be put on the shelf altogether, simply because I am the widow of a man whom——"

"You detested even as heartily as I did," concluded Lady Lucy agreeably "Quite so. You are not on the shelf at all, my dear, and I shall probably hear of your second marriage some day; but in the meantime do your duty, and warn your pretty friend of what lies in her path. I'd do it, but Leonie might take it badly if she heard of it; and as yet she is useful to me—she fills my rooms. By-and-by Marvel will fill them better, and then——"

"You are the most candidly false person I ever met," said Cicely, looking at her with something akin to admiration. "When thinking of you, I always feel you would sell me for sixpence, if the gaining of that small coin would do you any good."

"You are candidly frank," said Lady Lucy, smiling—she was quite unmoved by the other's outburst—"which is another way of saying you are abominably rude; but I prefer that sort of thing to the other. Sweets pall, especially when you know they are hollow. And, after all, I wouldn't sell you, Cicely, for anything less than a crown; a sixpence is a paltry thing, and buys very little. You will speak to Marvel?"

"I shall have to think about it first."

"Think hard, then, until you come to my view of the case; though one shouldn't be quite down on Leonie at present. Did you hear that she is ill—suffering?"

"No."

"She is—something internal. I worried that much out of old Grainger when he came to see if the pimple on the baby's nose meant scarlatina or smallpox—it was neither, as it happened. Yes, she is really ill; but she won't give in to it—something about the heart, I imagine, that may carry her off at any moment."

"How dreadful!" said Mrs. Verulam; but she did not seem to care much.

She had begun to think again of Marvel—was she alone, or distressed or in want of her? She was astonished at her own affection for the girl, and went in search of her.

CHAPTER XVII.

At one of the doorways Mrs. Verulam encountered a tall thin man of about thirty-five, with a thoughtful, kindly face, who ventured to lay his hand upon her lovely bare arm.

"Whither away so fast?" he said. "Surely you can spare a second to bid me welcome, though late in the day?"

He was looking at her with a most genial smile.

"Nay, early," retorted she, pointing to a clock in the hall outside, whose hands stood at two. "But you are welcome nevertheless at any hour, any time."

Her expressive face had grown very bright, and a little gleam had come into her eyes.

"I never thought you could have come—that card I sent anticipated no such reply as your presence here."

"I should have stayed away, it seems to me; yet it is unlike you to be so chary of gracious words. How have I offended your majesty?"

"How have you gratified me, rather! I believed you in Rotterdam; yet here you are; and you know all old friends are dear to me."

"A detestable remark—what am I amongst so many? Rotterdam is not a spot to hanker after, yet truly I could wish myself there now."

"Great men must be forgiven their little fibs," said Mrs. Verulam saucily; "and, since the papers have been administering to you doses of flattery on your scientific researches, one hardly dares to question any word of yours; yet I am loath to believe you would rather be in Rotterdam than here."

"Yet you know why I went to Rotterdam!"

"You can be dull as well as the worst of them, in spite of your learning," said she pettishly, and turned away; but he followed her.

"There! I was wrong; if we can't be more, let us at least be friends," said he, with a resignation of himself to circumstances which somehow nettled her.

Just at that moment however a little man with a bald head and humorous eyes came up to her.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said. "How do you do, Townshend? I thought you had gone off the happy hunting grounds of Northern America with Wriothesley and that lot. Oh, by-the-way, Mrs. Verulam, what did you mean by hiding away Lady Wriothesley from us all this time, and then letting her burst upon us without a word of warning? I dare say it is actionable; fellows like me with weak action of the heart might get off at any moment if subjected to a sudden shock and such charms as hers. Have you seen her Townshend—this new beauty who will eclipse all other lights? No! Steel your heart then, for there is something very special about her, I can tell you."

"My heart is cased with iron bands," said Sir George; and, with a slight salutation to Mrs. Verulam, he turned aside.

So did Mrs. Verulam instantly—in the other direction.

"I say, don't all go at once!" exclaimed Mr. Kitts, in an aggrieved tone. "I thought I was surely in for a little sensible conversation with you two; and just as I begin you both give me the cold shoulder. It isn't nice, you know—isn't kind. You are a very Solomon amongst men, we all know, Townshend; but to turn your back upon a friend, however great a poor fool he may be, shows no wisdom. And you, Mrs. Verulam—are you looking for anything?"

"I'm looking for my new baby," said Mrs. Verulam, laughing—"that same paragon of beauty you were landing to the skies just now. She doesn't know her way about quite yet, and I'm bound to look after her; she is only just out of her long clothes, and can't run about without help. Hitherto she has resided in an immaculate solitude, in the bosom of a deserted village; this is her first insight into a frivolous society, such as we others live and breathe and have our being in—her first glimpse at the 'lights o' London,' as represented by—you and Sir George."

"Consider me withered!" said Mr. Kitts, in a low despondent tone. "And yet how have I deserved this? And to me before Sir George! There was a depth of cruelty in that hardly to be fathomed."

"Never mind," said Sir George, who was annoyed by the little mocking glance she had cast at him. "I believe of us two you are by far the cleverer man."

He pointed this remark by a look at Mrs. Verulam warm with reproach, and then left her.

"It's such a mistake to eat things that don't agree with one, isn't it?" said Mr. Kitts, a propos of nothing apparently; but Mrs. Verulam wisely refrained from asking his meaning.

Meantime Marvel, who had been dancing with other and younger people than the Duke, had stopped short near a conservatory door to collect her breath and her thoughts. She was amazed at her own sensations.

Only that morning she had looked with horror on the thought of being dragged from her dear seclusion to the warm light of notoriety; yet now she was—yes, she could not deny it—enjoying herself intensely.

She had let herself go, as it were, and with all the ardor of youth was entering into her dances with a *verve*, a delight, that lit her lovely eyes and made her ten times more charming than when she entered the room an hour before.

Now, every one was talking of her; Lady Lucy was going about singing noisy sonnets in her praise; and many of the women, following her lead—some from prudential motives and some from honest conviction—were saying all sorts of pretty things about her.

The heroine of all this admiration was just then feeling a little pleasant fatigue. She moved backwards into the conservatory near, and listened with an appreciative ear to the suggestion of her partner that he should go and get her an ice.

He sped swiftly on his errand, and Marvel moved a little farther in to find some seat whereon to rest herself. A soft and downy couch attracted her eye. She went quickly towards it; but half-way there she saw something that attracted her even more. This was a tall dark young man with eager eyes who was leaning against a wall.

As she saw him she started slightly, but perceptibly. Where had she last seen him? What past picture did his presence conjure up?

She was here, it was true, in sober England, and yet she was there too, far away in the sunny South, gazing out of the window of a railway-car with all her heart in her eyes. Once again Wriothesley stood before her, as on that day when they had parted; he was talking to her, kindly words that showed how real was his anxiety for her comfort on the journey that would separate her from him perhaps for ever.

All round her were the flowers, the fruit, books he had procured for her to beguile the time—evidences, each of them, of the care he had lavished upon her; she could hear once more his words of gentle inquiry could see his friendly smile. All these indeed he had given her—all save that one thing which she alone craved—his love.

Tears dimmed her eyes as she looked at the stranger who had called to life these remembrances that would have been better dead. Surely it was he who had been in the car with her on that eventful day, and who, during the short time he had travelled with her, had been so courteously desirous of saving her from every small discomfort!

An impulsive desire to speak to him was strong within her, but she controlled it—why she hardly knew—and with a rather nervous bearing she seated herself upon the lounge she had first looked at. As she did so her fan fell from her fingers and rattled upon the stone flooring.

The young man came forward swiftly yet leisurely, picked it up, and with a low bow presented it to her. As she took it their eyes met, and there was so much humble entreaty, mingled with so flattering a deference, in his whole air that Marvel gave room to the natural graciousness within her, and determined at all risks to give him a gentle word.

"Thank you; it is not the first service you have done me, I think," she said very shyly and very sweetly.

His whole manner changed at once, and the dark beauty of his face brightened with a smile.

"How good of you," he exclaimed softly, yet eagerly, "to remember—to acknowledge me! It is more than I dared hope for. I have dreamt of such a moment as this in all the past measureless year; but how seldom dreams so bright are realized!"

There was a suppressed vehemence in his manner which should have warned her; but she was so ignorant of love-making in all its variations that she missed the core of his speech; to her he seemed only kind—extravagantly so, considering how small had been her acquaintance with him—but still kind.

"I wonder you remembered me," she said, smiling at him, though still somewhat shy in look and tone. "They tell me this last year has greatly changed me."

"They tell you true, yet I should have known you anywhere. You are changed in so far that——"

He hesitated, as if finding a difficulty in going on with those large limpid eyes fixed on his; a florid compliment to the owner of those clear orbs would be almost acruelty.

"You are staying here?" he asked, with some abruptness.

"Yes—for a time at least. Mrs. Verulam is my cousin"—by marriage she did not say; for she never thought of her in that wise.

"And my very good friend. We have known each other for years, as my home is only two miles from this. If you ask her about me"—smiling—"she will vouch for me."

"Not if I do not give her your name. You see"—with a swift glance—"I can't give it to her, because I don't yet know it."

"A thousand pardons," said he. "My name is Savage."

"Mr. Savage?"

"Yes; I have a father still somewhere," he said carelessly.

She was a little shocked by his tone, which contained a sneer, and she vaguely wondered if he wished his father dead because of the title he would evidently inherit, or if he and his father were on such bad terms that no love was to be felt or expressed between them. Oh, if only she had a father!

Instinctively she raised her hand and felt for the battered locket she always wore hidden in her bosom, and wondered in a vague, sad manner if such a tender name could be given by her to the handsome face within it.

Lost in this waking dream, she half forgot the man beside her until a direct question from him again recalled her to the present.

"I can recollect how sorry you were to leave your friend that day," he was saying, with deliberate intent to learn. "He was a friend?"

He asked the question with as much unconcern as he could muster; yet he was curiously anxious to learn if the man who had parted from her so easily, and for whom she had felt so sincere a regret, was her friend or her brother, or what. That he could be the husband of the childish creature who sat weeping on the opposite seat had never entered his head.

"A friend? I hope so," she said slowly.

The question startled her a little. Was Wriothesley her friend? In the old sweet days he had been her best, her truest friend; but after that sad, mistaken marriage she did not know—she could only hope—she was no longer sure.

"Have you seen him since?" asked Savage, in the same deliberate way.

He knew he was unpardonably rude, but he could not conquer his devouring longing to know.

"Lord Wriothesley? No. He has been abroad ever since," she said simply, if a little curtly.

It was always an embarrassment to her to speak of him, though the mention of his name suggested nothing to Savage, who had been too long out of England himself to be *au fait* with any of the current gossip, and had, in fact, returned to it only about a week before.

"It was a strange fancy, perhaps, of mine," said he, looking straight at her with rather a regulated smile, "but on that day, when I saw the parting between you, I imagined he was your brother. One forms ideas of that sort, you know, almost unconsciously. I was wrong?"

"Yes; I am not his sister." She hesitated as if she would have said more, but hardly knew how to frame her sentence.

He was much too absorbed by his own bafflement to notice the shade of trouble that crossed her face. Was he ever to know?

"I should of course have known that. No faintest likeness was there to help me to my false belief. Yet, though older than you in a great degree, he was yet not old enough to be your father or your uncle. That was how the mistake arose, I dare say. I fixed on brother—very elder brother, of course—as the real thing; but it seems he was not that."

He felt that he was daring a good deal—even her contempt—but the overpowering desire to settle the matter once and for all drove him on.

"Lord Wriothesley is my husband," replied she, with a certain gentle dignity, though her face grew white.

Savage stared at her, forgetful of all decorum. Her husband! She was married—this innocent-eyed child! Good heavens, what a blank ending to as real a romance as was ever commenced!

A sense of general loss oppressed him for one deadly moment, and then he knew he would have to rouse himself and take things as they were, not as they would have been if he had had the regulating of circumstances.

"He is to be envied," he said, with a little society smile and bow; and then, Lady Wriothesley's partner arriving with the promised ice, he bowed again, and slipped away into an adjoining room, where he came face to face with his hostess.

"Seen a ghost, Nigel?" asked she somewhat caustically—she was not in her prettiest mood. "You look dazed enough for anything. But—I'm sorry to spoil the idea—there isn't anything half so respectable as a 'walking gentleman' in this house."

"It was a lady," said he, with a partially-developed smile.

"Mrs. Scarlett? She is the nearest thing I know to it to-night."

"Wrong. My spirit is of a more heavenly type. I did not know you had a cousin—and such a cousin as Lady Wriothesley!"

"Is that it?" said she. "But I forbid raptures. She is forbidden goods, you know—sour grapes. And she is not my cousin, after all."

"She said she was, and——"

"And such lips could utter no untruth? Well, you are only right there"—relenting as she thought of Marvel—"they could not. Her husband is my cousin, not she—worse luck for me! But I suppose she regards it as being all the same thing. It is, I feel, very good of her. No one could object to her as a cousin, could they? You would not?"

"Yes, I should. I should object to her in any light but one," said he.

His laugh was so curious that Mrs. Verulam looked closely at him.

"I hope you aren't going to be nonsensical!" she said. "If you are, I may as well say at once that Marvel is not a person to be regarded in that light. You had better go abroad again, or fling yourself into the nearest river, if you think you have lost your heart to her."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was thinking of the river just now," said he. "But unfortunately I am a good swimmer; and one might strike out perhaps—one doesn't know. As to the going-abroad theory, that never holds water. One's thoughts and memories can go abroad too."

"What am I to understand by that?"

"That I am coming to see you to-morrow."

"Well, your blood be on your own head! When you are as miserable as man can be, don't blame me."

"What am I to understand by that?" demanded he in turn.

"That Lady Wriothesley is that foolish

thing—a woman in love with her own husband!"

But Savage had seen the sudden pallor that had overspread the young face when Marvel had spoken of Wriothesley as her husband, and had drawn therefrom his own conclusions.

Later on he dropped a casual question to an old acquaintance of his, a colonel of dragoons and an inveterate gossip, who in reply put him in possession of a highly-colored version of the "Wriothesley affair," as the Colonel called it—a version that proved those already-formed conclusions only too correct!

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was very late that night, or rather early in the morning, when Mrs. Verulam pushed open the door of Marvel's room, and, with a soft little apology, entered it.

"Not in bed yet, I hope? No. Then I am luck. I have so much to think about that I cannot do it all by myself, and so I have come to you. I was afraid I should find you in the middle of your beauty-sleep—not that you want it; you should make over such necessary things to those who really require them—a sort of national bequest. I tried my best to come sooner, sparing neither hints nor yawns; but Lucy is a person not to be easily routed. She stayed until she had finished her last dull word. She is in love with you however, so I forgive her many sins."

"Lady Lucy?" said Marvel, opening her eyes.

"Actually Lady Lucy! You are a little witch, I think, Marvel; you have cast a spell over most of us. But you must be careful, there is a certain class of people whom it is always awkward to bring to one's feet."

She spoke meaningly, and watched Marvel as she spoke; but the girl remained supremely unconscious.

"Is Lady Lucy one of them?" she asked.

"Far from it. It is wisdom to captivate her. A woman with a tongue is a bad foe, and one hard to beat."

"Is it Mrs. Scarlett then?"

"After all, I don't believe I meant anything," said Cicely, sitting down upon the hearthrug, and proceeding to build up the already brilliant fire with bits of wood and coal. She was looking very sweet and dainty in her loose gown of white lace and cachemire, and made a contrast to Marvel, who was still in her satin gown and diamonds, and who had not even taken off her long wrinkled glove.

"Why, you are not undressed!" said Mrs. Verulam suddenly. "What have you been thinking about? Now that I look at you, I can see that you have been at your dreams again. I wish you wouldn't. I know he isn't worth it."

"I haven't been thinking so much of Folke," said Marvel mournfully, "as of Mrs. Scarlett."

Cicely started; the conjunction of names was, to say the least, a singular one. Had she heard anything? She looked at Marvel searchingly, to find that the girl was looking at her with a very troubled expression in her eyes.

"Cicely," she said, "Mrs. Scarlett hates me!"

Cicely laughed.

"Well, what did you expect?" she said. "You should have been prepared for that."

"But why? What have I done to her? Do you know—it is foolish perhaps—but I can't bear people to dislike me; and no one has ever hated me before—at least I—I hope—I think not."

She sighed deeply. When a person was in another person's way, did that other person hate her? This lucid conundrum she proposed to herself, but found no answer to it. Perhaps it was too deep.

"How have I injured her?" she went on aloud, alluding again to Mrs. Scarlett.

"You have committed the unpardonable sin—you have outshone her. That for one thing; and for another——" She checked herself. "You see, Mrs. Scarlett has been for too long the acknowledged beauty of our world to look with loving eyes upon a rival. Years do not always bring sense; and you have supplanted her."

"But it is all such nonsense!" said Marvel, with fine contempt. "You say that merely as an excuse for the strange and open aversion she has shown me. But there is something more."

"Modesty is a charming quality," said Mrs. Verulam, rather alarmed by her last words, "but on me it has a nauseating effect. One must have been blind not to see how all eyes followed you to-night. You are a success, my pretty maiden—so much is assured to you. Your triumph over that green-eyed monster is as complete as it is desirable."

Her own eyes shone in the firelight as she spoke, and she caught Marvel and gave her a little hug. It was delightful to her that the girl should have thus innocently trodden her toe beneath her feet.

"After all," she continued presently, there is nothing like youth; and, between you and me, well as she undoubtedly wears, the charming Leonie is no chicken. Why, she might be your mother!"

Marvel was silent. She had not heard one-half of Mrs. Verulam's babble, as that astute young woman well knew.

"There—after all my eloquence! To think that I should have discoursed so agreeably only to bare walls! You have not heard a word of it, have you? Don't try to look a lie," she said, as she caught sight Marvel's contrite glance. "One should never essay to do anything out of one's own province. And, besides, I can forgive you, as your punishment consists in your having been deaf to a really good thing."

"Say it again," entreated Marvel, "and I promise you I will listen."

"Impossible! Bursts of genius cannot be done to order. The gist of the matter ay, however, in the fact that I said Mrs. Scarlett was plenty old enough to be your mother."

Marvel cast a faintly reproachful glance at her.

"Oh, no!" she said; and then continued: "My mother! Have you forgotten that I am in reality nameless that you talk so lightly? It is a strange thought, is it not, that I may not, and yet may, have a mother? If she be living, I do not know where she is, and, if she be dead, why, I know not that either!"

"You always speak of a mother—why not of a possible father?" said Cicely, stroking her hand. "He too may be living—you may meet him some day."

In her soul she hoped not, for the girl's sweet sake.

"I am sure he is dead," said Marvel. "I don't know why, but I am sure of it. Did I ever show you his likeness?"

As she spoke she drew from her bosom the old battered locket, and opened and held it out to her.

"I didn't know you had a picture of your father," said Cicely, startled. "Why, this is a clue! And yet I have been always told that no one knew of——"

"No one does for certain; yet I feel that this picture, which hung round my neck on the night that—that Lady Mary took me into her house out of that terrible storm of wind and rain"—she shuddered—"is the portrait of my father."

"Let me see it!" said Mrs. Verulam eagerly.

Long and earnestly she gazed at it, and then at Marvel.

"It is strangely like you, and yet unlike," she said. "Do you know, when I first met you, I thought you singularly resembled some one I knew, but, try as I would, I could not fit the resemblance."

"My father—this portrait—perhaps you know it?" said Marvel, with strong emotion, bending towards her so as to study her features.

But Mrs. Verulam shook her head.

"I do not know it," she said; "this face"—looking at the portrait—"is entirely strange to me, although it is so marvellously like you. What a handsome man! What a chiselled nose and mouth! Yes, keep this picture safely, Marvel; it may be of great value to you."

"I doubt it"—despondently; "too much time has now gone by to hope for proofs of my birth."

"In effect, you are a mystery—a beautiful, an interesting one!" cried Mrs. Verulam brightly. "Don't be down-hearted about that; it adds to you somehow—it suits you. To return once more to Mrs. Scarlett, however—I must say I wish——"

"I wish," interrupted Marvel, with a touch of vehemence, "that she had not betrayed such a deep animosity towards me. I would—that she liked me."

"Well, do you know, you fascinated her as much as you repelled her," said Mrs. Verulam thoughtfully, as she sank down again upon the white fur rug and took her knees into her embrace. "I could see that she could not take her eyes off you; they followed you persistently, in whatever room you might be, and she grew positively restless when you were out of her sight. When you left a room, almost instantly she made some excuse and left it too—I am almost sure to follow you. It was the most exaggerated case of jealousy I ever saw, or else——"

She hesitated unmistakably, and Marvel awoke to the fact that there was something hidden from her that it would be well for her to know.

"Go on," she said gently, though a deep pink spot had come into either cheek. "You were going to say something; say it! You know more than you would willingly tell me; yet I entreat you, dear Cicely, to be frank with me."

She spoke so vehemently that Mrs. Verulam's usual *finesse* forsook her.

"Why should you imagine things?" she said confusedly.

"You will tell me now!" persisted Marvel, in a low tone, bending over her, and turning her face to hers.

Still Mrs. Verulam hesitated; then she began to consider a little. After all, if she refused to explain the matter to Marvel, so many others knew of it that it must infallibly come to her ears sooner or later; and those others—would they put it as gently to her as she, Cicely, who loved her, would?

Yet how to hurt that tender heart? She shrank from the task, and, coward wise, had almost made up her mind to deny everything, when she remembered Lady Lucy's somewhat bold advice given early in the evening.

She had more than hinted her belief that Mrs. Scarlett would herself seek to wound the beautiful Lady Wriothesley, by letting her know the terms which she and Lord Wriothesley had been on when the latter had married Marvel. Lady Lucy, who knew Leone Scarlett well, had given this as her own opinion of what would happen unless she, Cicely, would speak a word of warning to the poor pretty child, the most concerned in it all, and yet the most ignorant.

Oh, to think of that woman, in her low, soft, cruel voice, laying bare to Marvel so fatal a truth as Wriothesley's love for another! The thought was not to be borne!

So Mrs. Verulam, with a little inward gasp of fear, girded up her loins and rushed into the breach.

"Well, if you must know, the fact is ——"

She began with a stammer that was far from reassuring.

"Don't make a beginning, a preface; leave all that out," said Marvel, whose face was very pale. "Tell me at once, whatever it is."

"You shouldn't look like that; it is really nothing—nothing more than happens to most women. You must be sensible about it," said Mrs. Verulam, who was frightened.

"Can't you speak? It is about Mrs. Scarlett, I know. Well, if I must question you, what of her?"

"Only that there was once a—a flirtation between her and Wriothesley."

"Once! How long ago?"

"Eh? Oh, quite a long while!"

"I beseech you to tell me no lies!" cried Marvel, rising to her feet and pushing back her chair. "I can bear it whatever it is. I am no child, no fool. And to be trifled with is not to be endured. Tell me all. By 'once' you mean that—that he loved that woman when he married me?"

She looked so pale, so determined, that Mrs. Verulam gave in.

"That is the truth," she said, in a low tone; "though how—how he could——"

"Not a word—not just yet," breathed Marvel, raising her hand as if to enjoin silence. She moved to the window, and, flinging it wide, as one might who was suffocating, she leaned out into the velvet darkness beyond.

Night was near its depth, and already the first faint streaks of dawn illumined the fir-clad hills. The stars were "burnt out in the pale blue air;" there was a rustling amongst the leaves as the early waking breeze stirred them to life.

Up from the garden beneath came the delicate perfume of opening roses. Each thing bespoke the dawn of another day—a new-born day that would bring her naught but new-born doubts and sickening fears and heartfelt pains. She leaned against the window, and, tightening one hand upon the other, strove to restrain the wild rebellion against her fate which was oppressing her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In announcing that a "baby carriage parade" is about to be perpetrated in Albany, Ga., in connection with an art and floral fair, a paper of that city observes: "One hundred babies wheeled in line would be an interesting sight at any time, but one hundred such babies as are to be found in Albany will make a pageant more glittering and pleasing than the knights on the field of the cloth of gold. Let every mother make up her mind to send her little darling out on that occasion. The babies will vie with the flowers of this clime, and command more attention than art."

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

Bric-a-Brac.

CAUGHT.—A student of Balliol College, Oxford, once lost a parcel of bank notes. He told Prof. Jowett, master of the college and the celebrated translator of Plato, of his misfortune, who, in turn, told him to say nothing about it, took the numbers of the notes, and covered the walls of Oxford with posters proclaiming the loss, but giving wrong numbers of the notes. The finder fell into the snare, offered one of the notes at the bank, was promptly arrested, and all the notes were recovered. Prof. Jowett had given the right numbers to the teller.

IN JAPAN.—Salutations in Japan are thus described by a correspondent: "The men of Japan are always excessively polite to one another. They bend their backs and bow their heads and put their two hands back to back between their knees and have a great time. But the most amusing thing is to see two old ladies in Japan meeting one another on the street. They catch sight of one another three or four blocks apart. They immediately begin to make obeisance at one another, and they keep bending and bowing at short intervals until they come together, when they make a peculiar hiss by drawing in the breath, and keep on saying 'Ohayo' for about two minutes."

WOVEN IN CLOTH.—How pictures are woven in cloth is thus described by a manufacturer: "To obtain the deepest shadows, we should bring the black weft to the surface, and if it had to cover a large area, or such that it allowed to float for a considerable distance the weft would be too loose on the face, we should bind it in satin order, just enough to attach it to the cloth with sufficient firmness, without at the same time allowing the white to show through it. Then for a medium black and white, let the black weft enter into the ground and form plain cloth, passing the white weft to the back out of the way. For the lighter shades, or where it approaches white, simply let the black enter into the ground in some twill form, more or less of it entering into the structure of the cloth, according to the depth or lightness of the shade required, and by this means we may obtain any degree of light and shade that may be needed."

VOCAL TONES.—It is a curious fact that the tones of civilized races are louder and harsher than those used by savage tribes. Indeed, among people who are classed as civilized it will commonly be found that the more highly cultivated up to a certain point, speak in the sharper tone. Of course, when cultivation and refinement have reached so that the tones of the voice have become a matter of attention and care, the rule no longer holds, for the low, well-modulated tones are acquired as an accomplishment. The philosophy of this peculiarity seems to be that the same energy and vigor which give certain races the leadership in advancement are accompanied by an unusual nervous strain, and we are all aware how plainly nervousness is indicated in the tones. The people of New England speak in a sharper and shriller voice than their cousins in Old England. They are also more intense in feeling and more eager in action.

AN ARAB FUNERAL.—A writer in a late magazine says: "I happened to be present at a funeral of one of the principal men of the tribe, when a scene not unlike that of an Irish wake took place. The burial ground was not far from my tent, and here gathered a large concourse of men and wailing women. The women collected under a clump of doum bushes apart, squatting in a semicircle, and from time to time indulging in wild, shrill screams, the men standing solemnly round the spot on which the grave was about to be dug, with the shrouded corpses on a litter in the rear. Their habit seems to be to console their grief by a species of mournful festivity, to provide for which I was told no fewer than thirty-five sheep had been killed. I went to one of their encampments about half a mile distant; their black tents were pitched amid a mass of rocks, and guarded, as usual, by savage dogs. They cultivate such patches of land as are available in this stony district, but are a poor tribe."

A LADY who had been abroad was enumerating the pursuits of each day. Among other things she mentioned letters to her husband. "You don't mean to say that you write to your husband every day when you are absent?" said a friend. "Certainly I do," she replied, with energy. "I consider it as sacred a duty as it is to—eat!"

OUR HOPES.

BY J. CARSELL.

From east-nor'-east the gale has blown
Across the cold, grey, wintry sea,
To where, inland, the leaves bemoan
The bygone summer breeze.

With blasting breath the fiend has come
To make the aged bend and wheeze,
To strike the feathered songsters dumb,
And strip the helpless trees.

And think ye how the sun-lit land
So sweetly looked a day before,
When men were slow to understand
The sad, glad smile it wore.

And this was why the wind storm came
And shrieked aloud from door to door,
"To-day ye change the season's name,
For Autumn lives no more!"

We change its name; 'tis Winter now,
The cold and hard and cruel king,
With icy hands and snowy brow,
Where sighs and sorrows cling.

The gale that strips the trees has blown;
The bonny birds have ceased to sing;
And now that auburn Autumn's flown,
Our hopes are in the Spring!

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

THERE is no sunshine without shadow, and the shadow that fell on Harold was the thought of Mary Armstrong. Sending men on before him to the gorge, he waited only to see Estrild tended carefully by her cousin and Carrie, and then he hurried back to the ravine to rejoin Doctor Arnold.

He could think of Cumberland with pitying wonder, with bewildered curiosity, and with the hope that, freed from the strange and dreadful power that had so cruelly held and influenced him, he and Mary might yet be happy.

On his way he met the bearers carrying Mr. Irrian to Langarth.

He stopped an instant to look down upon his face. A solemn awe filled his soul as he looked; a sense of the inexplicable mystery which linked this man with the house whither strangers' hands were now taking him darkened his mind with thoughts of the dreadful unseen powers which environ us, and at times can seize possession of our faculties, and cause us to work their will, and not our own.

Was he indeed haunted; and was the man who rode on his dreaded message of death not the true Mr. Irrian, who had generously saved Estrild and the Venture, but only the human vehicle by which a cruel spirit worked out a long-wrought vengeance?

Harold glanced from the pale face of the dead to the star-studded sky above him, and felt that, as in the vast expanse of the great universe there were transcendent truths beyond his ken, so on this earth, within the radius of the limited human vision, there lay mysteries which the mind could not unravel.

Was Mr. Irrian at peace? The expression of his face had greatly changed; it was calm and beautiful.

Harold waved silently to the men to go on with their burden, while with a sigh of relief he continued his hurried walk to the ravine.

He entered it by an easy descent on the side farthest from the sea, and at an abrupt turn was met suddenly by Doctor Arnold.

"I have come to meet you," he said, "to give you a word of warning. I have partially restored young Irrian from the hypnotic state, and I must tell you that when he has completely recovered he will know nothing of what occurred to him during that state."

"Is that possible?" asked Harold.

"It is a fact well known to medical men and to others who have witnessed such cases. A person hypnotised may be said to possess two individualities, in which are often developed very opposite characters and faculties; and one individual is totally unconscious of the acts and feelings of the other."

"So you mean that when restored to himself young Irrian will be ignorant of all that has happened since that terrible hand was passed over him? He will not be aware even of his father's death!"

"He will be totally unconscious of it; his mind will be a blank with regard to all the period of time since he quitted Trame; he will take up his life from the evening you last saw him there. You perceive in this my reason for warning you. I feared you might express surprise and argue with him; I feared you might speak of his father's death too abruptly. It must be broken to him gently; we must be very careful—his nerves are highly strung."

"I leave it all to you, Arnold. But I must say one word for myself. I cannot rid my own nerves of the repulsion and horror that I feel. Innocent or guilty, this young man would have caused Estrild's death—a slow torturing death—but for the Providence that took his father's life and thus saved hers. I believe that by his hand Tristram died. I cannot ask Estrild to meet him—I cannot let her invite him to her house, although his father lies there; he must go to the inn."

"He shall go to his yacht to-morrow; I shall send him for a long sea-voyage."

They had walked on in talking, and came close now upon the lonely figure of young Irrian.

He stood with his elbow leaning on a rock and the moonlight falling on his blond head, and his fair youthful face.

There was something inexpressibly forlorn in his aspect—something so touching, worthy of pity in the thought that, gay, young, happy as he would be, his hand had been used to deal death, to make desolate the lives of others, and to wreck his own should the veil ever be lifted that hid these things from him, that, as he gazed on him, Harold's resentment fell.

Compassion took its place, and he stood silent while Doctor Arnold bent over the young passive figure, smoothing his forehead often with soothing hand.

Suddenly he brushed away the touch impatiently, saying, in his old gay voice—

"What are you doing, Doctor? I believe you have been putting me to sleep. I feel as though I had slept long and had been walking in a dream. Yes, I surely have! What trick have you two been playing on me? Oliver, is this your mystification?"

He gazed around him in a bewildered way, and passed his hand across his still half-dazed eyes.

"This is the strangest, wildest place I ever saw. It is like an Indian pass. I did not know there was such a place near Trame. In what direction does Trame lie? I am not well; I must go home."

"Trame is a long way off, Cumberland," said Harold, addressing him by the old best-known name.

"Yes, yes; I am always 'Cumberland' to you. But you have not answered me. How did I get here to this outlandish place? It is night. Have I been walking in my sleep, and have you two followed me?"

"Yes, you have been sleeping," said Doctor Arnold, putting his fingers on his wrist, "and you are only half awake now, and your pulse is high. You must come with me and go to rest."

"No, no!" returned Cumberland, wrenching his wrist from the Doctor's grasp, and his face flushing suddenly. "I must—I will know first what has happened. Only an hour ago I wished you good night at Trame, and now I am here, and I see you here, and with faces sad as death. You are treating me as if I were a child. Do you think I cannot bear ill news like any other man?"

He turned in speaking, and saw the sea; a change came over his face—it grew pale to ghastliness.

"I am not near Trame," he said; "and I know now what has happened. Some one is dead!"

"You are right, Cumberland," returned Harold, in deep pity. "A sad death has occurred here, close by us, through an accident——"

"Stay!" cried Cumberland, shuddering. "Do not tell me—do not explain—I cannot bear it! There is a cloud of horror on my brain, and I see and feel things too dimly to understand them."

He looked down on his hands, and then suddenly dashed his right hand cruelly against a rock, making blood stream from the bruised flesh.

"Such things, such cruel things hands can do!" he said in a low voice. "Was I not right in India in striving to die? Oliver, we are haunted—we Irrian—a fiend possesses us at times."

"I think you had better leave us," whispered Doctor Arnold to Harold, "I can manage him best alone. You agitate him, you recall half-formed memories. I fear I have been imprudent in rousing him from his trance; I must endeavor now——"

He stopped, for Cumberland touched him on the shoulder and pointed out to sea.

"I wish you would tell me where we are!" he said irritably. "I have a dim memory of that bay. Yes; I was here in the Alert three years ago."

He spoke very slowly, his voice trembled and fell, his face grew wan as a man's in deadly sickness.

"And you told me there was an accident, and some one dead," he continued. "Well, I can bear to hear it now, for it will never happen again, never! Good-bye, Oliver! You and I were friends once, that was in India long ago. You will not save my life again," he added, holding out his hand with a wistful smile.

Harold could not refuse the outstretched hand; he wrung it and turned away sorrowfully.

"Tell him now—it is best to tell him that it is his father who has perished," Harold said in a low voice to Doctor Arnold, as the latter accompanied him a few steps down the gorge. "And, when you have broken the truth to him, take him down quietly to the village inn."

"I will do so at once," returned the Doctor; "but I cannot follow your other advice. I will, if possible, give him a night's rest first. In his present state I dread the result of such news."

"You must act according to your own judgment," Harold answered; "but I confess mine does not agree with yours. I believe the result would be good."

They parted with this, and, as Harold returned to Langarth, he felt more and more assured that he was right.

His experience with Cumberland in India gave him an uneasy feeling of foreboding.

He could not forget how the dim memory of the past, groping beneath the shadow of some haunting horror, had made him seek passionately for death.

But later on in that eventful night he felt relieved when a note reached him from Doctor Arnold, saying that his patient was sleeping tranquilly, and he should remain at the inn to watch him.

He added that he was writing to Mary to apprise her of Mr. Irrian's death, and to entreat her to join them at once.

"If Mary comes, all will be well with Cumberland," Harold said hopefully.

But the morning brought strange news. Cumberland was missing! He had fled while Doctor Arnold, reassured by his apparent calm, had snatched an hour's sleep.

The country was scoured and searched in vain, and at last only one hope was left. The yacht in the bay had disappeared.

Was it not possible that by some means the unhappy son of Mr. Irrian had reached her, and had set sail in the darkness, fleeing from the hand that had touched his brain?

Yet even upon this hope a dread shadow fell. On the morning of the second day of suspense Daniel returned from his sea-cruise, having intercepted the Curlew and changed her destination to another port, and he had a strange story to tell.

He had landed in a lonely bay, and here he had met Michael, who had come thus far in his search for carts and horses. They walked home together, choosing a solitary wild cliff path. Here, a sudden angle in the narrow, precipitous road, they came upon a group of men, with hair and clothes dripping wet, standing motionless, and looking towards the sea.

They—Michael and Daniel—waited a moment, thinking the men would move to let them pass, but they neither turned nor stirred. And, just at the instant when Daniel was stepping forward to ask them to make way, there rose a voice from the sea, hailing the men by their names.

As each man answered he seemed to fade away over the cliff and sink into darkness, where the surge sounded and the breakers fell. Then Michael and Daniel sank upon their knees, for they knew they were hearing the "calling of the dead," and the drowned sailors were answering to their names.

"Leonard Irrian!" cried the voice, coming softly to the ear like the fall of a spent wave.

"Here, father!" was the answer; and a fair young face flitted by and vanished beyond the cliff.

There was only one name more, and, as it was called out, and the drowned man turned one look inland ere he faded into the sea, Michael fell upon his face, clutching Daniel by the hand. When he rose, he was trembling from head to foot. He strove to speak, but his voice was gone, and many seconds passed ere he could utter a word.

"Uncle, I saw that last man in the yacht at Langarth. He is the one that gave me ill-words when he ordered me to keep off. Till I saw him I thought we were in a dream like, or maybe 'twas some trick of the sea and the mist. Now I know better, and I shall never be the same man again."

"You'll be a wiser one, my son," returned Daniel, in an awed voice. "This is not the first time such things have come to me. That ship is wrecked, and all hands have perished. Let us press onwards."

The place where the men had stood was empty, all the path was bare; not a sound broke the night-stillness save the fall of the waves on the sands, as, whispering of death and the life to come, the two men went on their way.

Upon the sea nothing was visible except the pale gleam of the moon and the phosphorescent flash of light that followed the roll of the surf.

This was the story Daniel brought to Langarth.

Doctor Arnold, who believed in all wonders and all miracles that were rooted in science, had no faith in any outside his creed, not thinking that these also might belong to the mighty realm of truth, though just beyond the circle his ken had reached.

Yet the story oppressed his heart as it did the others, and they all redoubled their efforts to find Leonard Irrian till Mary came; and then, at her sorrowful desire, they desisted.

"If he be living, he will come to me," she said; and in that hope they rested.

On Mr. Irrian's will being opened, it was found he had made provision for the disappearance of his son; in that case or in case of his death all he possessed was left to Mary.

He seemed also to have had a prescience of the manner of his death, for he desired that where he died, there he might be buried; then followed the strange request that, if his death took place at Langarth, he should be laid, if possible, in the grave of the Crusader—his ancestor who had died in the darkness, chains, and anguish of a Langarth dungeon.

This request startled Estrild greatly, as did also the assertion that the Irrians were descended from the same stock as herself.

Then Mary told her the traditions preserved at Trame, and, piecing these with the story filtering through the centuries at Langarth, they grew together into a history of cruelty, wrong, and wrath.

Dividing the abysmal past from all its surge and froth, it appeared that the prisoner of tradition, before joining the Crusades, had been with the king in the North fighting the Scotch.

Here he had loved a girl of the yeomen class, and, hiding his real rank, wedded her under the name of Irrian, or "Wanderer," and had departed for the Holy War without divulging the secret of his marriage.

Years passed; news from Palestine was scant; but pilgrims returning reported him dead, and his brother held his lands. Suddenly, alone, and at night, the Crusader arrived at Langarth, claimed his home, and told the story of his marriage and that he had a son.

This sealed his fate. The usurper might have borne his return, but could not endure the prospect of his own children being dispossessed of home and lands, and thrust into poverty without hope of inheritance.

The Wanderer had ridden alone to Langarth: none knew of his coming; he was flung into a dungeon secretly, and the story of his wrongs, his sufferings, and his death floated in the air around Langarth, with whispers of the vengeance he had threatened and foretold.

From the sea-coast, through days and nights of weariness, he had taken horse from post to post, and, looking for love, had ridden alone to Langarth to find cruelty, suffering, and death. Well, again and again, for ever, he would take that lonely ride to Langarth, and bring death with him.

It was said that his daily pittance of bread was placed outside a small grating in his dungeon wall, and through this he passed his hand to reach it. Year by year the gaoler saw this hand grow thinner and whiter, till it seemed the hand of a dead man.

And, when the prisoner died, it was he who whispered of the dread oath he had heard him utter—that the starved hand, which had suffered such cruelties and had thrust itself through a grating to beg for bread, should fall in vengeance on his brother and his house.

In mockery of this oath and the curse that was spoken with it, the hand, it was said, was cut off from his corpse and sent to the disowned wife and heir.

She never claimed his name or her son's inheritance — for the days were those when might was right; but, whenever an Irrian and a Carbonelli met, the latter died.

In the Wars of the Roses, when English met English in battle, the pale hand guided the arrow that flew or the spear that was hurled at a Carbonelli's breast.

When quieter days arose, and the old farm-house of Trame had grown to be a mansion endowed with wealth and lands, the Irrians still were wanderers.

Again and again father and son disappeared on unknown journeys, to return haggard and worn and silent, unable to speak of their pilgrimage.

But it shadowed their lives with a strange and secret woe, felt, not uttered; and the sons grew up in dread of their father's hand, and fled from it often to foreign lands.

Thus the curse—as all curses do—struck the greatest blow on its own home, and, though it wreaked death on others, it wrought madness in its own blood.

"And the hand of the Crusader is said to haunt Trame; and when it appears," said Mary, "the master of Trame grows restless; and neither locked doors nor barred windows can stay him from his strange wanderings. An awful change comes over his mind."

She stopped, and held up her clasped hands passionately.

"Oh, how can I tell you—how explain the difference between the real, the good, the true Mr. Irrian, and the haunted man who feels, or imagines he feels, the influence of a ghostly hand?"

"I understand it," said the Doctor; "it is hypnotism, a strange state of trance or waking sleep which occurs oftener among excitable Southern races than among the English. I have seen cases in France which have defied all medical skill to expound; there are mysteries, my dear, in this human frame of ours which, dissect and pull them to pieces as we may, we cannot discover. It is where spirit and flesh join that we doctors are baffled. If I dared go back so far, I would say, Some young mother of the Irrian race was shown that dead hand and told of its curse, and her child when born had the fear and power of the hand in its nerves. Now, passing all this traditionary lore, let us get at some shred of truth. To obey Mr. Irrian's request, we must make a search which will prove at least that a man died and was buried."

But in this matter the only clue to go by, tradition, said that "without bell or book" the prisoner was buried at dead of night beneath the floor of his dungeon.

So the stones of the old, dismal, forgotten place of horror were removed, and beneath was found a human skeleton—proof that under the black shade of its damp, vaulted roof some living man had agonised and died.

There he lay, compassed murkily about with the twisted tangle of legend and of fear that the centuries had wound about him; and from out the murkiness could be dragged only these bleached bones.

From such a poor, sad, helpless heap as this was it possible such a history of sorrow, death, and vengeance could arise? So it seemed, for, though the flesh dies, the spirit lives.

With a doctor's eye and surgeon's touch, Doctor Arnold handled and looked at these poor remnants.

"It is odd," he said; "but the right hand is certainly missing."

They all retraced their steps up the dark winding stairs and through the maze of old dark passages, contrived for sin, into the living sunshine and the day; then Estrild turned to Harold with a sigh of relief, and both felt life was very fair, and light was lovely, and God's earth very good.

"He was shut out from all these," Estrild said softly; "and we realize now the cruelty of it, and guess dimly at the suffering. But surely now he will be at rest, for

the prophecy written on his portrait is fulfilled to the letter!"

Then she repeated the lines, known at Trame, which Mary had given to Gilbert. "If you had not risked your life in that dreadful leap," continued Estrild, clinging closer to her lover's arm, "I must have died—the water was very near."

They had strolled into the garden and were alone, and Harold's answer was pressed upon her lips.

"Poor Mary," he said pityingly—"she is sorely tried. I trust Cumberland will return to her soon."

"Harold, I fear he never will. A thought is haunting me, and I must tell it to you. When he was in the cavern, he certainly heard Daniel speak of the great rifts in the rocks beneath the pool. 'A man lost there,' he said, 'would never be found.' Harold, I fear he remembered it, and he is surely there."

"Do not say so to Mary. When she is gone, we will have the pool dragged."

Mary stayed only till inquest and funeral were over.

When Mr. Irrian was laid in his last rest, she bade them all good-bye—hopefully, for Leonard, she said, would surely return to her.

Daniel's story had not impressed her as it had the others; she had heard he was a man who saw such sights, and was a dreamer of dreams; such men believed in visions created by mists and darkness and the fancies of a quick brain.

No; Leonard was living, and, now that the curse had ceased, she would yet soothe him back to happiness.

In this hope she bade Langarth farewell, and saw its shores and its wide bay no more.

There was a great crowd at Mr. Irrian's funeral, for it was whispered among the people that he was the Black Rider; and, as, in the sweet Cornish way, they sang as he was borne to the grave, a hymn was chanted softly also for that other who was laid at last in holy ground.

Doctor Arnold went away with Mary. His heart was very sore for her and for himself; for he felt he was at fault as a physician.

He should have told Leonard, when he half awaked him from that strange trance, of his father's death, that the shadow under which he lived might have been lifted.

Now, in the dread of it perhaps, he had chosen death rather than life.

Harold and Estrild had the pool searched and dragged, but without avail; though, as Daniel justly said, this proved little, for fifty drowned men might lie jammed within the rents and rifts of the rocks, and never be dragged forth by mortal hands.

"I believe he is there," Daniel said, "though he chose to stand among the drowned crew on the cliff, when the great voice called the dead; even then the old fear was on him, and he fancied it was his father's voice."

Far and near at every port inquiries were made for the schooner-yacht, but she was never seen—never heard of again.

Yet in Estrild's and in Harold's minds there ever lurked a hope that Leonard Irrian was living, for Mary sold Trame and all its lands, and sailed away beyond the seas, and in her far-off unknown home they loved to think she was not alone.

Carrie and Tom were married at Langarth church with great rejoicing, and Mrs. Vicat came down to the wedding.

It was then she told them that she had again seen the ghost of the Crusader, and his visit had scared her greatly, and caused her illness.

"He was so sad," she said, "and had warned her that sorrow was approaching; and he believed she would see his face no more."

This visit of Mr. Irrian's accounted now to Harold for Mr. Vicat's queer remark respecting undertakers, and their non-existence in the East in olden times.

Carrie was a good daughter, and Tom, unlike the husbands of many daughters, was a kind son to his wife's mother.

When Mr. Vicat died, she lived with them, and her old age had rest and comfort.

Daniel was made Captain of the Venture, and Michael was his first mate. She proved a lucky venture, for she was never without a good freight.

So the ship that was to have caused Estrild's death brought her wealth, and reimbursed her for Mr. Vicat's reckless waste of her fortune.

Is there anything more to tell? The history of Estrild's marriage may be briefly passed over.

How the people feasted and the bells were rung, Daniel and Michael and Jos—happiest of sailors home on leave—and all the crew of the Venture coming to the church in best sailor-rig, and sending forth, when the bride and bridegroom came forth man and wife, three ringing cheers over the sea and up to the smiling sky.

[THE END.]

A GOOD BEGINNING.—At a pretty wedding the other day the guests, particularly the ladies, after the ceremony, commented on the clergyman's address to the newly married people. He reminded each of them of their duties, and in an especial address to the bride, said that she was always to remember to be proud of the fact that of all the ladies the groom had ever met, she had been selected to enjoy the proud distinction of becoming his wife. The ladies didn't like this sort of address, and suggested in audible whispers over their tea and wine that the bride had had a good many beaux too, that she had been a favorite with the young gentlemen, and that she conferred quite as much distinction upon the groom as he did when he selected her. The bride's folk were not a little cut up at the suggestion of the clergyman that the groom had shown any particular graciousness in selecting their daughter; and thus, on the threshold of their wedded life, a neat little row has been set going.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's Niece.

BY J. G. B.

"DO put your sewing down, Essie, and give poor Horatio a stool. Think how hard he has worked all day."

The young gentleman alluded to was one of those attractive specimens of humanity in whom fine limbs and fine figures are combined with an equal faculty for absorbing attention.

He looked up indolently as his sister, not without a touch of pique, pushed a footstool under his highly-polished boots.

"And now you're comfortable, Horatio," said the first speaker, who was his mother, "I wish you would try and listen a little. I was telling you about Alice. I became convinced that she was secretly meeting a gentleman in her walks; and so this morning I quite made up my mind to have it out with her. I reminded her that she owed something to me for having brought her up, and defied her to deny that the person she had chosen was thoroughly unsuitable—which you know must be so, Horatio; or else why this secrecy?"

"And what did she say?" asked Horatio, indolently.

"I am grieved to say she behaved very ill, and refused both to disclose who the young man was or to give him up."

"And what did you do?" said Horatio, languidly.

"I requested her to leave my house at once," replied his mother.

"The deuce you did!" said Horatio, rising very abruptly, to the imminent danger of a Maltese kitten seated near his footstool.

"Of course," said the lady with dignity. "And, Horatio, I wish you wouldn't use such expressions."

The handsome young fellow who had risen quitted the room without apology, and his mother and sister looked at the door some minutes after it had shut behind him.

Then the lady turned her eyes upon her daughter and observed:

"That poor boy is so dreadfully tired. He works too hard, I am sure. You see, he couldn't even listen to a little family gossip. Poor fellow! I shall dismiss the cook if he has to wait for his dinner any more. He wants it badly enough, when he has been working so hard all day, and has had that nasty smell of turpentine about him, too. Horatio detests turpentine."

The young girl addressed looked a little irritated, and went on with her sewing with a slightly contemptuous curl of her upper lip that was not lost upon her mother.

"I hope this will be a lesson to you, Essie, for no daughter of mine shall disgrace me. You've been always so absurdly fond of Alice, I am not quite easy about you. If you had only Horatio's strength of character!"

"I am tired of hearing about Horatio," said the girl, a little impatiently; "and of his dislike of turpentine and such things. He chose to be an artist; and if he had gone to sea, as he once said he would, he would have had a smell of tar instead. Besides which, there's always Rimmel."

"Ah, that reminds me," said the mother, "I must see to his scent-flasks. He has scarcely any White Rose left."

"I don't think Horatio liked Alice's going," resumed Essie.

"No; he's very tender-hearted," said his mother.

The girl smiled: and later in the evening when her brother had come in, brought up the subject of Alice with a wee bit of malice on her much-enduring little countenance.

"I wonder where Alice will sleep tonight?" she observed.

"Oh, of course she can always go to her Aunt Martha's. But she has gone to his relations, no doubt," said the mother. "And pretty relations I expect they are," she added, with asperity: "for she frankly owned to me that he was idle, and had no position, nor immediate prospect of anything."

"Oh, she did," said Horatio.

"And I daresay he drinks, and all that sort of thing," went on Mrs. Fitzgerald, who had a tendency to "pile it up," as Horatio had termed it, whichever side of a question she took. "When I asked her why she did not give him up if he were all she said, she replied 'because she loved him.'"

"She said that, did she?" said Horatio. "She must be a foolish girl."

"I don't think I ever saw anyone so ungrateful."

"Nor I," said Horatio.

"Now don't make game," said Mrs. Fitzgerald; "there's no joke in it."

"Certainly not," said Horatio, calmly.

"You're sorry she's gone, aren't you?" said Essie, glancing mischievously his way.

"Yes," said her brother. "I wanted to paint her for my Academy picture."

"If that's all, dear Horatio, don't trouble, for there are plenty of models to be had quite as pretty as Alice."

"Not with her brown eyes."

"The vicar's daughter has lovely brown eyes," said the mother.

"Not with Alice's silky hair," went on the artist.

"Well, now, Essie's hair is good enough for anything," said Mrs. Fitzgerald; "and artists don't take everything from one model. But if you are so bent on having her, I dare say you could get her to sit to you. You could pay her, and she has so little money of her own she might be glad. She certainly could not afford to throw up her home as she did."

"I thought you turned her out," said Horatio.

"No, she turned herself out by not conforming to my will."

"I hope Horatio's Academy picture won't wait till he can get Alice on such terms," said Essie.

"My dear Essie," returned her mother, with disapproval, "whatever Horatio wants he will probably get; and, when he chooses to exhibit, he'll probably exhibit. Moreover, as all your Aunt Caroline's money is to come to him, it's quite unnecessary for him to destroy his health in competing with those who have to earn their bread."

"I mean to learn to earn my living," said Essie, a little defiantly.

But then she had the advantage of being the unfavored child of the family.

To Mrs. Fitzgerald's astonishment, Horatio took a little special notice of his sister on this evening; stroked her head instead of the Maltese kitten, and played with a curl of her hair instead of his own moustache.

This proved too much for the mother, who grudged the smallest attention her idol bestowed upon other than herself, and Essie was speedily reminded of the lateness of the hour, and was dismissed to bed.

"She's a great trial," said her mother, addressing her firstborn.

"She's a little brick," observed Horatio, in an undertone, that caught only his sister's ear as she left the room.

* * * * * *

"It will be such a pleasant surprise to Horatio, won't it, Essie?" said Mrs. Fitzgerald, as she shivered on a staircase-landing in spite of her sealskin wraps.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Essie. "And what a long time he is opening the door."

"That's just one of your answers, Essie," responded her mother, disapprovingly; "attributing to your brother want of proper sentiments. I daresay he is painting in a bit of grand inspiration and can't leave it for a moment. And, I assure you—though you are jealous of him and won't allow him any merits: when he was born with genius and you with commonplace faculties, which was not your fault, and therefore nothing for you to be angry about—that Leighton will be nowhere when Horatio does come out."

"I wish he would come out; I'm tired of waiting here," said Essie, and she gave a few sharp raps on the door.

"How thoughtless of you, Essie," said her mother, "to startle him in that way. He'll have to paint out something through that, I know."

"It wouldn't be any harm if he painted out the whole picture," retorted Essie, who was getting a little cross. "I don't think he paints at all well; so now it's out."

"You are too young to have opinions," said her mother, severely. "I don't know how you can make such a remark after the splendid portrait Horatio made of your Aunt Caroline."

"The nose was too long," said Essie, her eyes bright with mischief; "the hair was the wrong color, and Aunt Caroline didn't like it."

"Was that Horatio's fault?" asked the mother, sharply. "You know very well how he told us that the first day she sat to him her hair was black, and he painted it in black; at the next sitting it was brown, and he thought he had made a mistake and corrected it; but at a third sitting she had altogether forgotten to dye her hair, and there it was, grey enough. So Horatio painted it in grey and left it, which served her right. If she had been my sister she should never have used hair-dyes, and so I often told your poor papa when he was alive. And as to the nose being long, that is true to life, and what more do you want?"

"I think I will run down stairs and ask if Horatio is here," said Essie, whose enthusiasm for genius didn't go quite the length of waiting on a draughty landing till inspiration should be over and the genius condescended to open the door.

She soon tripped up the stairs and told her mother, with an amused countenance, that Horatio hadn't been near the studio for three weeks.

"Then he is engaged in some other artist's studio," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, complacently, "and is going to astonish us all. Oh, that his poor papa had lived to see it!" And she went home in a happier frame of mind than ever about that boy of hers.

* * * * * *

Nearly a year had passed, and Mrs. Fitzgerald had two open letters before her on the table.

Her face was quite white with vexation, and Essie's flushed with suppressed laughter.

"I never met with such insolence," the elder lady exclaimed, pointing to one of the letters. "To marry at once in direct opposition to my wishes was bad enough; but to call her child after my boy, and ask me to be godmother to it, is really too audacious. Probably the child is to have its father's name as well as my boy's, and that is sure to be Joseph or something quite as commonplace.—Horatio Joseph! It's quite too absurd! And perhaps Alice thinks I shall give the child something handsome, for her lazy husband is sure to have a cramped income. But Alice makes a mistake; I can forgive, but I cannot forget. However," she went on, taking up the other letter, "your Aunt Caroline is dead, so Horatio comes into the property. We will all go abroad, away from Horatio Joseph and all of them."

"But his name may not be Joseph at all," said Essie, showing a row of little white teeth between her rosy lips.

"Perhaps you know all about it, Essie," replied her mother, with a look of keen penetration. "You have never given a proper confidence to your mother; and if you've been keeping up a secret communication with Alice, which I more than suspect, I do hope you have not disgraced yourself so far as to speak to her husband."

"There could be no disgrace in my speaking to her or her husband," said Essie, boldly. "Alice was the best and kindest friend I ever had."

"Then you have been to see her; I read it in your face; and I know where Alice lives."

"At Aunt Martha's or at his relations?" inquired Essie.

"She lives at Ward's Cottage; the housemaid told me so, and I silenced her at once. I have allowed no one to speak to me of Alice after the way she left me. I shall go to Ward's Cottage and tell her what I think of her letter, and I shall find out if you have been there. Horatio would never befriend one who had insulted his mother. I wish his sister were like him. And, Essie, you ought to be ashamed to be laughing like that, and your aunt lying dead!"

Mrs. Fitzgerald, having quickly habited herself, made her way towards the cottage referred to, and, having knocked at the door, was confronted by an old woman in a frilled cap, in whom she recognized an occupant of a free seat in the parish church for a number of years.

"Will you tell my niece I am here," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, lofty.

"Yes, my lady," said the old woman, who so addressed all the distinguished feminines of the congregation.

As Mrs. Fitzgerald waited a moment in the little passage, she thought she heard a masculine voice within the little sitting-room, and had mentally resolved to ignore this unknown husband.

However, when a moment later she was introduced into the pretty room, with its soft white curtains and tasteful arrangements, where her niece sat in a pink gown with a glad look in her eyes, she was literally speechless at seeing no other than her own Horatio holding the baby.

The old woman gave her a chair only just in time; she collapsed into it rather than sat down, and looked in a dazed way at her idol.

"You see, mother," began the idol, "I was the one Alice was engaged to, and we kept it secret for good reasons of our own; but when you turned her out of doors, why, of course, I married her. What else could I do?"

Mrs. Fitzgerald nearly choked at the words.

Then she had actually thrown the girl into his arms; and he, with his genius, might have married at least a peer's daughter, which would have compensated her for her own obscure origin, which was always a galling fact in her consciousness. Her cross was greater than she could bear. But she had yet to learn the full measure of her misfortunes.

Essie had entered unperceived and was kissing the baby in her brother's arms with more energy than that delicate morsel of humanity cared about.

She had been unable to forego the gratification of seeing this avalanche fall upon her mother. Mrs. Fitzgerald was too much shocked by this unexpected revelation to notice Essie in any way.

"And so the money has gone out of the family," she observed, dolefully; for it was clear her boy was gone from her.

"It would have done, but my marriage," said Horatio; "for Aunt Caroline, so a letter informs us, has left everything to Alice, having never forgiven me for painting her hair grey in the portrait. And she was right about the painting being badly done—Alice has brought me to my senses. I can't paint at all; and lately I have been doing some work for Sir William Holland, and am to become his private secretary. And a good thing too, for he won't let me be idle;" and, as he finished this little speech, he glanced admiringly at his pretty wife.

"Good-bye, Horatio," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, tragically, rising and extending her hand.

"Don't go like that, mother," said her son, as kindly as he could. "Come and make friends with Alice, and let us be right all round. I am sure she was a good girl to you while she lived with us."

"Yes, she was always a good girl," admitted Mrs. Fitzgerald, unconsciously influenced by Aunt Caroline's will. "Let bygones be bygones, Alice, if you like," she added, going up and kissing her niece: to the great delight of Essie, who had to exercise violent self-control to avoid laughing outright at the turn things were taking.

"We have all lived happily together once, Alice," went on her aunt, "and why shouldn't we again?"

"Why, indeed?" answered Alice, who was too happy herself to wish to be hard on anyone.

And certainly Mrs. Fitzgerald was wise in her generation, for she had dipped dangerously deep into the fortune her husband had left her to gratify the extravagant tastes of her boy—looking forward, as she had done, with certainty to his coming into Aunt Caroline's money.

EARTH'S LAST KISS.

BY CHARLES MACKENZIE.

Earth's last kiss to the dying day
  Over the surf and the tawny sands;
Lips are parted, and far away,
  A light goes down in the faint cloud-lands.
Earth's last kiss ere the autumn star
  Shines like a jewel in Night's dark crown,
And dusty blossoms from yon blue bar
  Sparkle and fling their radiance down.

Earth's last kiss ere the seabirds scream
  Summer's farewell from the wildflower's height,
And winds steal forth from the cliffs' dark seam,
  Moaning their musical last "Good-night."
Earth's last kiss, and the eyes are strained
  And arms outstretched, for the gloom draws nigh;
But lips have met, and a love is drained—
  Earth's last kiss, dearest love, good-bye.

A GOLDEN LOAD.

BY G. M. FENN.

CHAPTER I.

SIR JOHN DRINKWATER IS ECCENTRIC.

"YOU'RE an old fool, Burdon, and it's all your fault."

That's what Sir John said, as he shook his Malacca cane at me; and I suppose it was my fault; but then, how could I see what was going to happen?

It began in 1851. I remember it so well because that was the year of the Great Exhibition, and Sir John treated me to a visit there; and when I'd been and was serving breakfast next morning, he asked me about it, and laughed and asked me if I'd taken much notice of the goldsmith's work.

I said I had, and that it was a great mistake to clean gold plate with anything but rouge.

"Why?" he said.

Because, I told him, if any of the plate-powder happened to be left in the cracks, if it was rouge it gave a good effect; but if it was a white preparation, it looked dirty and bad.

"Then we'll have all the chests open to-morrow, James Burdon," he said; "and you shall give the old gold plate a good clean up with rouge, and I'll help you do it."

"You, Sir John?"

He nodded. And the very next day, he sent all the other servants to the Exhibition, came down to my pantry, opened the plate-room, and put on an apron just like a servant would, and helped me to clean that gold plate.

He got tired by one o'clock, and sat down upon a chair and looked at it all glistening as it was spread out on the dresser and shelves—some bright with polishing, some dull and dead and ancient-looking.

Cups and bowls and salvers and round dishes covered with coats of arms; some battered and bent, and some as perfect as on the day it left the goldsmith's hands.

I'd worked hard—as hard as I could, for sneezing, for I was doing that half the time, just as if I had a bad cold.

For every cup or dish was kept in a green baize bag that fitted in one of the old iron-bound oak chests, and these chests were lined with green baize.

And all this being exceedingly old, the moth had got in; and pounds and pounds of pepper had been scattered about the baize, to keep them away.

"I'll have a glass of wine, Burdon," Sir John says at last; "and we'll put it all away again. It's very beautiful. That's Cellini work—real," he says, as he took up a great golden bowl, all hammered and punched and engraved. "But the whole lot of it is an incubus, for I can't use it, and I don't want to make a show."

"Take a glass yourself, my man," he said, as I got him the sherry—a fresh bottle from the outer cellar. "Ha! at a moderate computation, that old gold plate is worth a hundred thousand pounds. At only three per cent. in the funds, Burdon, it would be three thousand a year. So you see I lose that income by letting this heap of old gold plate lie locked up in those chests. Now, what would you do with it, if it were yours?"

"Sell it, Sir John, and put it in houses," I said sharply.

"Yes, James Burdon; and a sensible thing to do. But you are a servant, and I'm a baronet; though I don't look one, do I?" he said, holding up his red hands and laughing.

"You always look a gentleman, Sir John," I said; "and that's what you are."

"Please God, I try to be," he said sadly. "But I don't want the money, James; and these are all old family heirlooms, that I hold in trust for my life, and have to hand over—bound in honor to do so—to my son. Look!" he said, "at the arms and crest of the Bolleaus on every piece."

"Bolleau, Sir John?"

"Well, Drinkwater, then. We translated the name when we came over to England. There; let's put it all away. It's a regular incubus."

So it was all packed up again in the chests; for he wouldn't let me finish cleaning it, saying it would take a week; and that it was more for the sake of seeing and going over it than anything else that he had had it out.

So we locked it all up again in the plate-room.

And it took five waters hot as he could bear 'em to wash his hands; and even then there was some rouge left in the cracks, and in the old signet ring with the coat of arms cut in the stone—same as that on the plate.

I don't know how it was; perhaps I was out of sorts, but from that day I got thinking about gold plate and what Sir John said about its worth.

I knew what incubus meant, for I went up in the library and looked out the word in the big dictionary; and that plate got to be such an incubus to me that I went up to Sir John one morning and gave him warning.

"But what for?" he said. "Wages?"

"No, Sir John. You're a good master, and her ladyship was a good mistress before she was took up to heaven."

"Hush, man, hush!" he says sharply.

"And it'll break my heart nearly not to see young Master Barclay when he comes back from school."

"Then why do you want to go?"

"Well, Sir John, a good home and good food and good treatment is right enough; but I don't want to be found some morning a-weltering in my gore."

"Now, look here, James Burdon," he says, laughing. "I trust you with the keys of the wine-cellar, and you've been at the sherry."

"You know better than that, Sir John. No, sir. You said that gold plate was an incubus, and such it is, for it's always a-sitting on me, so as I can't sleep o' nights. It's killing me, that's what it is. Some night I shall be murdered, and all that plate taken away. It ain't safe, and it's cruel to a man to ask him to take charge it."

He did not speak for a few minutes.

"What am I to do, then, Burdon?"

"Some people send their plate to the bank, Sir John."

"Yes," he says; "some people do a great many things that I do not intend to do. There; I shall not take any notice of what you said."

"But you must, please, Sir John; I could not stay like this."

"Be patient for a few days, and I'll have something done to relieve you."

I went downstairs very uneasy, and Sir John went out; and the next day, feeling quite poorly, after waking up ten times in the night, thinking I heard people breaking in, as there'd been a deal of burglary in Bloomsbury about that time, I got up quite thankful I was still alive; and directly after breakfast, the wine-merchant's cart came from St. James's Street with fifty dozen of sherry, as we really did not want.

Sir John came down and saw to the wine being put in bins; and then he had all the wine brought from the inner cellar into the outer cellar, both being next my pantry, with a door into the passage just at the foot of the kitchen stairs.

"That's a neat job, Burdon," said Sir John, as we stood in the far cellar all among the sawdust, and the place looking dark and damp, with its roof like the vaults of a church, and stone flag floor, but with every bin empty.

"Going to lay down some more wine here, Sir John?" I said; but he didn't answer, only stood, with a candle in the arched doorway, which was like a passage six feet long, opening from one cellar into the other.

Then he went upstairs, and I locked up the cellar and put the keys in my drawer.

"He always was eccentric, before her ladyship died," I said to myself; "and now he's getting worse."

I saw it again next morning, for Sir John gave orders, sudden-like, for everybody to peck off to the country-house down by Dorking; and of course everybody had to go, cook and housekeeper and all; and just as I was ready to start, I got word to stay.

Sir John went off to his club, and I stayed alone in that old house in Bloomsbury, with the great drops of perspiration dripping off me every time I heard a noise, and feeling sometimes as if I could stand it no longer; but just as it was getting dusk, he came back, and in his short abrupt way, he says: "Now, Burdon, we'll go to work."

I'd no idea what he meant till we went downstairs, when he had the strong-room door opened and the cellar too; and then he made me help him carry the old plate-chests right through my pantry into the far wine-cellar, and range them one after the other along one side.

I wanted to tell him that they would not not be so safe there; but I daren't speak, and it was not till what followed that I began to understand; for, as soon as we had gone through the narrow arched passage back to the outer cellar, he laughed, and he says:

"Now, we'll get rid of the incubus, Burdon. Fix your light up there, and I will help."

He did help; and together we got a heap of sawdust and hundreds of empty wine-bottles; and these we built up at the end of the arched entrance between the cellars from floor to ceiling, just as if it had been a wine-bin, till the farther cellar was quite shut off with empty bottles.

And then, if he didn't make me move the new sherry that had just come in and treat that the same, building up full bottles in front of the empty ones till the ceiling was reached once more, and the way in to the chests of gold plate shut up with wine-bottles two deep, one stack full, the other empty.

He saw me shake my head, as if I didn't believe in it; and he laughed again in his strange way, and said: "Wait a bit."

Next morning, I found he'd given orders, for the men came with a load of bricks and mortar, and they set to work and built up a wall in front of the stacked-up bottles, regularly brinking up the passage, just as if it was a bin of wine that was to be left for so many years to mature; after which the wall was whitewashed over, the men went away, and Sir John clapped me on the shoulder.

"There, Burdon!" he said; "we've buried the incubus safely. Now you can sleep in peace."

"Yes, Sir John."

"I ought by rights to kill you now, and bury you in the sawdust, to make you keep the secret. But I'll let you off, for I don't think you will tell."

CHAPTER II.

WHY EDWARD GUNNING LEFT.

IT'S curious how things get forgotten by busy people. In a few weeks I left off thinking about the hiding-place of all that golden plate; and after a time I used to go into that first cellar for wine with my half-dozen basket in one hand, my cellar candlestick in the other, and never once thinking about there being a farther cellar; while, though there was the strong-room in my pantry with quite a thousand pounds worth of silver in it — perhaps more—I never fancied anybody would come for that.

Master Barclay came, and went back to school, and Sir John grew more strange; and then an old friend of his died and left one little child, Miss Virginia, and Sir John took her and brought her to the old house in Bloomsbury, and she become—bless her sweet face—just like his own.

Then, all at once I found that ten years had slipped by, and it set me thinking about being ten years nearer the end, and that the years were rolling on, and some day another butler would sleep in the pantry, while I was sleeping—well, you know where—cold and still—and that then Sir John would be taking his last sleep too, and Master Barclay be, as it says in the Scriptures, reigning in his stead.

And then it was that all in a flash something seemed to say to me; suppose Sir John has never told his lawyers about that buried gold plate, and left no writing to show where it is.

I felt quite startled, and didn't know what to think.

As far as I could tell, nobody but Sir John and I knew the secret. Young Master Barclay certainly didn't or else, when I let him carry the basket for a treat, and went into the cellar to fetch his father's port, he, being a talking, lively, thoughtless boy, would have been sure to say something.

His father ought certainly to tell him some day; but suppose the master was taken bad suddenly with apoplexy and died without being able—what then?

I didn't sleep much that night, for once more that gold plate was being an incubus, and I determined to speak to Sir John as an old family servant should, the very next day.

Next day came, and I daren't; and for days and days the incubus seemed to swell and trouble me, till I felt as if I was haunted.

But I couldn't make up my mind what to do, till one night, just before going to bed, and then it came like a flash, and I laughed at myself for not thinking of it before.

I didn't waste any time, but getting down my ink-bottle and pens, I took a sheet of paper, and wrote as plainly as I could about how Sir John Drinkwater and his butler James Burdon had hidden all the chests of valuable old gold cups and salvers in the inner wine-cellar, where the entrance was bricked up; and to make all sure, I put down the date as near as I could remember in 1851, and the number of the house, 19 Great Grandon Street, Bloomsbury, because, though it was not likely, Sir John might move, and if that paper was found after I was dead, people might go on a false scent, find nothing, and think I was mad.

I looked that paper up in my old desk, feeling all the while as if I ought to have had it witnessed; but people don't like to put their names to documents unless they know what they're about, and of course I could not tell anybody the contents of that.

I felt satisfied as a man should who feels he has done his duty; and perhaps that's what made the time glide away so fast without anything particular happening.

Sir John bought the six old houses like ours opposite, and gave twice as much for them as they were worth, because some one was going to build an Institution there, which might very likely prove to be a nuisance.

I don't remember anything else in particular, only that the houses would not let well, because Sir John grew close and refused to spend money in doing them up.

But there was the trouble with Edward Gunning, the footman, a clever, good-looking young fellow, who had been apprenticed to a bricklayer and contractor, but took to service instead.

He did no good in that; for, in spite of all I could say, he would take more than was good for him, and then Sir John found him out.

Miss Virginia got him forgiven at least twenty times, and Mr. Barclay spoke up for him too; but when it came to a smell of fire in the house, and me being woke up by Sir John and Mr. Barclay at two in the morning, and we all went and found Edward dead drunk in the servants' hall, where he had been reading in bed, and the clothes all smouldering on the floor, there was a row.

Sir John said he didn't mind about himself and me, for we were two old useless people, who had had our day, and smothering was an easy death, while being afterwards burnt to ashes was a good Roman kind of an end; but he wasn't going to have his son's life shortened; and he'd hang any man sooner than harm should happen to his darling, Miss Virginia.

So Edward Gunning had to go; and I breathed more freely, and felt less nervous, though I must say I thought Sir John's remarks about me anything but kind, seeing now I had served him well, and being only seventy-one, with a good deal of work in me yet.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BARCLAY THINKS FOR HIMSELF.

SO another ten years had slipped away; and the house opposite, which had been empty for two years, was getting in very bad condition—I mean as to paper and paint.

"Nobody will take it as it is, Sir John," the agent said to him in my presence.

"Then it can be left alone," he says, very gruffly—"Good-morning."

"Well, Mr. Burdon," said the agent, as I gave him a glass of wine in my pantry, "it's a good thing he's so well off; but it's poison to my mind to see houses lying empty."

Which no doubt it was, seeing he had five per cent. on the rents of all he let.

Then Mr. Barclay spoke to his father, and he had to go out with a flea in his ear; and when, two days later, Miss Virginia said something about the house opposite looking so miserable, and that it was a pity there were no bills up to say it was to let, Sir John flew out at her, and that was the only time I ever heard him speak to her cross.

But he was so sorry for it, that he sent me to the bank with a cheque directly after, and I was to bring back a new fifty-pound note; and I know that was in the letter I had to give Miss Virginia, and orders to have the carriage round, so that she might go shopping.

Now, I'm afraid you'll say that Mr. Barclay Drinkwater was right in calling me Polonius, and saying I was as prosy as a college don; but if I don't tell what brought all the trouble about, how are you to understand what followed?

Old men have their own ways; and though I'm not very old, I've got mine, and if I don't tell my story my way, I'm done.

Well, it wasn't a week after Mr. Bodkin & Co., the agent, had that glass of wine in the pantry, that he came in all of a bustle, as he always was, just as if he must get everything done before dark, and says he has let the house, if Sir John approves.

Not so easily done as you'd think, for Sir John wasn't, he said, going to have anybody for an opposite neighbor; but the people might come and see him if they liked.

I remember it as well as if it was yesterday.

Sir John was in a bad temper with a touch of gout—bin 37—'25 port, being rather an acid wine, but a great favorite of his.

Miss Virginia had been crying; and I had heard Mr. Barclay make use of a word that ought never to have been used in that house, unless it was by Sir John, who, being master, had a right to do just as he liked.

The trouble had been about Mr. Barclay going away.

He'd finished his schooling at college, and was now twenty-seven, and a fine strong handsome fellow, as wanted to be off and see the world; but Sir John told him he couldn't spare him.

"No, Bar," he says in my presence, for I was bathing his foot—"if you go away—I know you, you dog—you'll be falling in love with some smoothed-faced jade, and then there'll be trouble. You'll stop at home, sir, and eat and drink like a gentleman, and court Virginia like a gentleman; and when she's twenty-one, you'll marry her; and you can both take care of me till I die, and then you can do as you like."

Then Mr. Barclay, looking as much like his father as he could with his face turned red, said what he ought not to have said, and refused to marry Miss Virginia; and he flung out of the room; while Miss Virginia—bless her for an angel—must have known something of the cause of the trouble—I'm afraid, do you know, it was from me, but I forget—and she was in tears, when there was a knock and ring, and a lady's card was sent in for Sir John: "Miss Adela Mimprise."

It was about the house; and I had to show her in—a little, slight, elegantly dressed lady of about three-and-twenty, with very big dark eyes, and a great deal of wavy hair.

Sir John sent for Mr. Barclay and Miss Virginia, to see if they approved of her; and it was settled that she and her three maiden sisters were to have the opposite house; and when the bell rang for me to show her out, Mr. Barclay came and took the job out of my hands.

"I'm very glad," I heard him say, "and I hope we shall be the best of neighbors;" and his face was flushed, and he looked very handsome; while, when they shook hands on the door-mat, I could see the bright-eyed thing smiling in his face and looking pleased; and that shaking of the hands took a deal longer than it ought, while she gave him a look that made me think if I'd had a daughter like that, she'd have had bread-and-water for a week.

Then the door was shut, and Mr. Barclay stood on the mat, smiling stupid-like, not knowing as I was noticing him; and then he turned sharply round and saw Miss

Virginia on the stairs, and his face quickly changed.

"James Burdon," I said to myself, "these are girls and boys no longer, but grown-up folk, and there's the beginning of trouble here."

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE SKIRMISH.

I DIDN'T believe in the people opposite, in spite of their references being said to be good.

You may say that's because of what followed; but it isn't, for I didn't like the looks of the stiff elderly Miss Mimprises; and I didn't like the two forward servants, though they seemed to keep themselves to themselves wonderfully, and no man was ever allowed in the house.

Worst of all, I didn't like that handsome young Miss Adela, sitting at work over colored worsted at the dining-room or drawing-room window, for young Mr. Barclay was always looking across at her; and though he grew red-faced my poor Miss Virginia grew every day more pale.

They seemed very strange people over the way, and it was only sometimes on a Sunday that any one at our place caught a glimpse of them, and then one perhaps would come to a window for a few minutes and sit and talk to Miss Adela—one of the elder sisters, I mean; and when I caught sight of them, I used to think that it was no wonder they had taken to dressing so primly and so plain, for they must have given up all hope of getting husbands long before.

Mr. Barclay suggested to Sir John twice in my hearing that he should invite his new tenants over to dinner; and once, in a hesitating way, hinted something about Miss Virginia calling.

But Sir John only grunted; while I saw my dear young lady dart such an indignant look at Mr. Barclay as made him silent for the rest of the evening, and seem ashamed of what he had said.

I talked about it a good deal to Tom as I sat before my pantry fire of an evening; and he used to leap up in my lap and sit and look up at me with his big eyes, which were as full of knowingness at those times as they were stupid and slit-like at others.

He was a great favorite of mine was Tom, and had been ever since I found him, a half-starved kitten in the area, and took him in and fed him till he grew up the fine cat he was.

"There's going to be trouble come of it, Tom," I used to say; and to my mind, the best thing that could have happened for us would have been for over-the-way to have stopped empty; for, instead of things going on smoothly and pleasantly, they got worse every day.

Sir John said very little, but he was a man who noticed a great deal.

Mr. Barclay grew restless and strange, but he never said a word now about going away.

While, as for Miss Virginia, she seemed to me to be growing older and more serious in a wonderful way; but when she was spoken to, she had always a pleasant smile and a bright look, though it faded away again directly, just as the sunshine does when there are clouds.

She used to pass the greater part of her time reading to Sir John, and she kept his accounts for him and wrote his letters; and one morning as I was clearing away the breakfast things, Mr. Barclay being there, reading the paper, Sir John says very sharply:

"Those people opposite haven't paid their first quarter's rent."

No one spoke for a moment or two, and then in a fidgety sharp way, Mr. Barclay says:

"Why, it—it was only due yesterday, father."

"Thank you, sir," says Sir John, in a curiously polite way; "I know that; but it was due yesterday, and it ought to have been paid. Ginny, write a note to the Misses Mimprise with my compliments, and say I shall be obliged by their sending the rent."

Miss Virginia got up and walked across to the writing-table; and I went on very slowly clearing the cloth, for Sir John always treated me as if I was a piece of furniture; but I felt uncomfortable, for it seemed to me that there was going to be a quarrel.

I was right; for as Miss Virginia began to write, Mr. Barclay crushed the newspaper up in his hands and said hotly:

"Surely, father, you are not going to insult those ladies by asking them for the money the moment it is due."

"Yes, I am, sir," says the old gentleman sharply; "and you mind your own business. When I'm dead, you can collect your rents as you like; while I live I shall do the same."

Miss Virginia got up quickly and went and laid her hand upon Sir John's breast without saying a word; but her pretty appealing act meant a deal, and the old man took the little white hand in his and kissed it tenderly.

"You go and do as I bid you, my pet," he said; "and you, Burdon, wait for the note, take it over, and bring me an answer."

"Yes, Sir John," I said quietly; and I heard Miss Virginia give a little sob as she went and sat down and began writing.

Then I saw that the trouble was coming, and that there was to be a big quarrel between father and son.

"Look here, father," says Mr. Barclay, getting up and walking about the room, "I never interfere with your affairs——"

"I should think not, sir," says the old man, very sarcastic-like."

"But I cannot sit here patiently and see you behave in so rude a way to those four ladies who honor you by being your tenants."

"Say I feel greatly surprised that the rent was not sent out yesterday, my dear," says Sir John, without taking any notice of his son.

"Yes, uncle," says Miss Virginia. She always called him uncle, though he wasn't any relation.

"It's shameful!" cried Mr. Barclay. "The result will be that they will give you notice and go."

"Good job, too," said Sir John. "I really don't like them, and I wish they had not come."

"How can you be so unreasonable, father?" cried the young man hotly.

"Look here, Bar," says Sir John ("Fold that letter and seal it with my seal, 'Ginny'") —"look here, Bar."

I glanced at the young man, and saw him pass his hand across his forehead so roughly that the big signet ring he wore—the old-fashioned one Sir John gave him many years before, and which fitted so tightly now that it wouldn't come over the joint—made quite a red mark on his brow.

"I don't know what you are going to say, father," cried Mr. Barclay quickly; "but, for heaven's sake, don't treat me as a boy any longer, and I implore you not to send that letter."

There was a minute's silence, during which I could hear Mr. Barclay breathing hard.

Then Sir John began again. "Look here, sir," he said. "Over and over again, you've wanted to go away and travel, and I've said I didn't want you to go. During the past three months you've altered your mind?"

"Altered my mind, sir?" says the young man sharply.

"Yes, sir; and I've altered mine. That's fair. Now, you don't want to go, and I want you to."

"Uncle!"

"Have you done that letter, my pet? Yes? That's well. Now, you stand there and take care of me, for fear Mr. Barclay should fly in a passion."

"Sir, I asked you not to treat me like a boy," says Mr. Barclay bitterly.

"I'm not going to," says Sir John, as he sat playing with Miss Virginia's hand, while I could see that the poor darling's face was convulsed, and she was trying to hide the tears which streamed down. "I'm going to treat you as a man. You can have what money you want. Be off for a year's travel. Hunt, shoot, go round the world, what you like; but don't come back here for a twelvemonth. Burdon, take that letter over to the Misses Mimprise, and wait for an answer."

I took the note across, wondering what would be said while I was gone, and knowing why Sir John wanted his son to go as well as he did, and Miss Virginia too, poor thing.

The knocker seemed to make the house opposite echo very strangely, as I thumped; but when the door was opened in a few minutes, everything in the hall seemed very proper and prim, while the maid who came looked as stiff and disagreeable as could be.

"For Miss Mimprise, from Sir John Drinkwater," I said; "and I'll wait for an ewer."

"Very well," says the woman shortly.

"I'll wait for an answer," I said, for she was shutting the door.

"Yes; I heard," she says, and the door was shut in my face.

"Hang all old maids!" I said. "They needn't be afraid of me;" and there I waited till I heard steps again and the door was opened; and the ill-looking woman says in a snappish tone: "Miss Adela Mimprise's compliments, and she will come across directly."

"Any one would think I was a wild beast," I said to myself, as I went back and gave my message, finding all three in the room just as I had left them when I went away.

CHAPTER V.

JAMES BURDON SMELLS FIRE.

MR. BARCLAY followed me out, and as soon as we were in the hall, "Burdon," he says, "you have a bunch of small keys, haven't you?"

"Yes, Master Barclay, down in my pantry."

"Lend them to me: I want to try if one of them will fit a look of mine."

He followed me down; and I was just handing them to him, when there was a double knock and a ring, and I saw him turn as red as a boy of sixteen found out at some trick.

I hurried up to open the door, leaving him there, and found that it was Miss Adela Mimprise.

"Will you show me in to Sir John?" she says, smiling; and I did so, leaving the two together; and going downstairs, to see Mr. Barclay standing before the fire and looking very strange and stern.

He did not say anything, but walked upstairs again; and I could hear him pacing up and down the hall for quite a quarter of an hour before the bell rang; and then I got upstairs to find him talking very earnestly to Miss Adela Mimprise, and she all the time shaking her head and trying to pull away her hand.

I pretended not to see, and went into the dining-room slowly, to find Miss Virginia down on her knees before Sir John, and him with his two hands lying upon her bent head, while she seemed to be sobbing.

"I did not ring, Burdon," he said very huskily.

"Beg your pardon, Sir John, the bell rang."

"Ah, yes. I forgot—only to show that lady out."

I left the room; and as I did so, I found the front door open, and Mr. Barclay on the step, looking across at Adela Mimprise, who was just tripping up the steps of the house opposite; and I saw her use a latch-key, open the door, and look round as she was going in, to give Mr. Barclay a laughing look; and then the door was closed, and my young master shut ours.

That day and the next passed quietly enough; but I could see very plainly that there was something wrong, for there was a cold way of speaking among our people in the dining-room, the dinner going off terribly quiet, and Sir John afterwards not seeming to enjoy his wine; while Miss Virginia sat alone in the drawing-room over her tea; and Mr. Barclay, after giving me back my keys, went upstairs, and I know he was looking out, for Miss Adela Mimprise was sitting at the window opposite, and I saw her peep up twice.

This troubled me a deal, for, after all those years, I never felt like a servant, but as if I was one of them; and it made me so upset, that, as I lay in my bed in the pantry that night wondering whether Mr. Barclay would go away and forget all about the young lady opposite, and come back in a year and be forgiven, and marry Miss Virginia, I suddenly thought of my keys.

"That's it," I said. "It was to try the look of his portmanteau. He means to go, and it will be all right, after all."

But somehow, I couldn't sleep, but lay there pondering, till at last I began to sniff, and then started up in bed, thinking of Edward Gunning.

"There's something wrong somewhere," I said to myself, for quite plainly I could smell burning—the oily smell as of a lamp, a thing I knew well enough, having trimmed hundreds.

At first, I thought it must be mistaken; but no—there it was, strong; and jumping out of bed, I got a light; and to show that I was not wrong, there was my cat Tom looking excited and strange, and trotting about the pantry in a way not usual unless he had heard a rat.

I dressed as quickly as I could, and went out into the passage. All dark and silent, and the smell very faint.

I went up-stairs and looked all about; but everything was as I left it; and at last I went down again to the pantry, thinking and wondering, with Tom at my heels, to find that the smell had passed away. So I sat and thought for a bit, and then went to bed again; but I didn't sleep a wink, and somehow all this seemed to me to be very strange.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"MR." AND "MRS."—The origin of Mr. and Mrs., which are now common property, is not without interest. In earliest times the ordinary man was simply William or John; that is to say, he had merely a Christian named without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or one William from another John or another William became necessary.

Nicknames, derived from a man's trade, or from his dwelling place, or from some personal peculiarity, were tacked on to their Christian names, and plain John became John Smith. As yet there were no "Misters" in the land.

Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows—became, perhaps, a landed proprietor, or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called in the Norman-French of the day the "Maistre" of this place or of that, of these workmen or those.

In time the "Maistre" or "Maister," as it soon became, got tacked on before his name, and he became Maister Smith, and his wife was Maistress Smith. But gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of, and the title was conferred upon any man who had attained social distinction of any kind, whether by mere possession of wealth or by holding some position of more or less consideration and importance.

It is only within comparatively modern times that the term came to be considered an almost indispensable adjunct to every one's name when mentioned in ordinary conversation or writing. Maistress Smith soon became Mistress Smith. Exactly how and when the term got corrupted cannot be said. Maister Smith, however, remained Maister Smith long after his wife became Mistress Smith.

FLORAL FUNERALS.—The use of flowers at funerals seems to be both a Pagan and a Christian custom. It is certainly Pagan: 1. "Asiatic Researches," vol. iv., contains a description of the forms of a suttee. The corpse is perfumed and adorned with flowers before being burnt.

2. The corpses of the Scythian kings were placed upon a couch, upon which were put pieces of wood covered with branches of willows.

3. The Athenians, in honor of those who died in defence of their country, used all sorts of odoriferous herbs and flowers, which they strewed around the tent in which the corpse was, and each brought a bunch in his hand.

4. The Romans threw garlands and flowers upon the body as it was borne to its place of burial.

SIR DONALD SMITH'S wedding gift to his daughter who was married in Montreal recently, is said to have been a check for $2,000,000. Smith is the millionaire pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company.

Scientific and Useful.

SEWAGE.—Electricity is being used to purify sewage. It produces a chemical change by which the solid matter comes to the surface and pure water flows off.

DRY ROT.—It seems that "dry rot," the enemy of builders, is a sort of contagious disease. Good authorities state that it can be carried by saws and other tools which have been in contact with infected wood, and that such transmission and impregnation is often the cause of the mysteriously rapid decay of originally sound timbers.

THE EYE.—The following is recommended as an efficient means of removing particles from the eye: Make a loop by doubling a horse hair. Raise the lid of the eye in which is the foreign particle; slip the loop over it, and, placing the lid in contact with the eyeball, withdraw the loop, and the particle will be drawn out with it.

GASOLINE.—The use of gasoline as a fuel for small motors is taken advantage of in a recent invention of a small engine to be attached to bicycles and tricycles. With this it is claimed a maximum speed of ten miles an hour can be attained upon level ground. Sufficient fuel and water can be carried for a tour of twenty-five miles, and the weight of the whole plant, with tanks filled, is but 185 pounds.

CLEANING WINDOWS.—An Englishman has invented a machine by the use of which a servant can clean a window in safety. It is adapted to the outside of the ordinary sash window and worked from within. A water spray is fixed on to the travelling cleaner so as to play on the glass just above it, when fed by a rubber pipe, which ends in a bucket within the room. The water is driven up at will by squeezing a ball.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon. Lay the mixture on both sides of the stain with a painter's brush; let it lie on the grass day and night till the mildew stain disappears. To take grease spots out of carpet, mix a little soap in a gallon of warm soft water, then add half an ounce of borax; wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirt will shortly disappear.

MARKING TOOLS.—It is sometimes convenient to mark tools: This can easily be done as follows: First clean the place to be marked and then cover it with a thin layer of beeswax, raising the edges so as to form a basin. Mark the name in the wax with a sharp instrument, cutting it through to the steel. When this shall have been done fill the basin with undiluted nitric acid or aqua fortis, and let it stand awhile. The longer it stands the deeper it will cut. Then wash with water.

Farm and Garden.

SMALL PROFIT.—Do not depend upon any one crop. Have something to keep you reasonably busy the year round, and make everything pay at least a small profit.

WARM WATER.—Do not omit the warm water for cows because of moderation in the weather. So long as the water shall be cold, and the weather changeable, it should be slightly warm, and the average yield of milk will be thus maintained.

WHITE-WASH.—Plenty of white-wash should be used now, not only for the bright appearance, but also as a disinfectant. Hot white-wash on the inside of barns, stables, poultry-houses, and pig-quarters will aid in preventing vermin and insects.

PIGEONS.—Pigeons can be confined in yards made of 2-inch wire mesh, the sides and tops covered, so as to prevent hawks, cats, and rats from entering. A covered space 20x50 feet will allow room for fifty pigeons. At one end a house with suitable nests should be provided.

POULTRY-YARDS.—Poultry-yards should be on sandy soil if possible, in order to avoid mud or slush on the ground, as roup is liable to break in flocks that are kept in damp locations. The yards should be well drained, the surface covered with sharp, fine gravel, and cleaned off at least once every two weeks if the flock be large.

MITES.—The little red mites will infest the hen-roosts in countless numbers on the approach of warmer weather. The cheapest and most effective method of getting rid of the vermin is to add a quart of kerosene oil to three gallons of strong soap suds and sprinkle the mixture wherever it can be applied. If forced into the cracks and crevices with a hand force-pump it would be all the better.

MULES.—To get good-sized, active mules breed a large, well-made mare with neat limbs to a good sized Spanish jack. If it should not be wished to have a lazy mule take care that the mare be lively and active. Mules are less subject to disease than horses, and their term of work averages twice as long. For cultivating crops mules are superior to horses, as they walk Indian fashion, one foot directly in front of the other.

GROWING PIGS.—There is no better diet for growing pigs of any age than wheat mill feed. This is much better than bran, which is too coarse, and goes through young pigs without doing them much good. In fact, pigs will not eat bran unless starved to it more than growing pigs ought to be. If given bran in milk they will drink the latter and leave the bran in the trough. If corn-meal be mixed with wheat bran the meal will be sifted out and the bran left. This pigs cannot so well do if the feed be finer.

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Pleasure and Happiness.

Of all faculties, that of getting enjoyment out of commonplace things is the one most to be envied—in other words, the faculty of making delicious plum cake out of honest, homely bread.

The beneficent imp in the fairy tale spun straw into gold. There are natures even in common life which have something of the same happy charm in their working. We are content, however, for the moment, with our homelier illustration.

There is a prevalent idea that imaginative people are seldom happy. One is apt to believe that the persons who view their surroundings through the roseate veil of fancy, who turn their geese into swans, their cottages into mansions, and their friends into heroes and heroines, must have their hours of reaction and disgust when the sawdust falls out of the doll, the geese cackle, the palace dwindles into a suburban villa, and the beings who have been invested with all sorts of romantic attributes step down from behind the footlights and become mean human creatures of vulgar habits and petty affectations.

This may be in a measure true. But it is a mistake to suppose that only the stupid people are entirely satisfactory in their more intimate relationships. Talent is not incompatible with the darning of a stocking or the brightening of a family dinner-table by flashes of homely wit.

To be sure, the stocking might not wear any the longer because a pattern had been devised in the darn, and the jokes might not bear repetition outside the domestic circle, but a tender halo of interest would be added to what might naturally seem unlovely and wearisome; and if an increase of good-humor be the result, fancy need not regret having descended from empyrean heights to the atmosphere of a humble parlor.

The tyrannical husband and father is usually he who has least intelligence of the poetic kind, and who, bound up in purely practical considerations, is incapable of comprehending that which he cannot see nor touch.

The least lovable of otherwise meritorious wives and mothers is the woman absorbed in her narrow round, to whom sentiment is meaningless and romance a dead letter; who does her duty with stolid conscientiousness, but adds no touch of grace to things in themselves prosaic.

Even where there is no particular tyranny or querulousness, yet the mind of a thoroughly unimaginative person is bounded as the mind of a child. The discomfort of the moment absorbs it all. It has neither past nor future in which to take refuge.

"Making cake out of bread" does not necessarily imply a hyperbolical imagination which must inevitably suffer from collision with rude reality. It means a radiation of interest, a power of putting forth feelers in all directions, a receptive vision to which are revealed beauty and poetry that the self-absorbed eye fails to perceive. It means a certain alertness of the higher senses, a sympathetic insight which is able to see in a street crowd the elements of tragedy and comedy, and to discover everywhere the pathos underlying all human relations.

It is the power of self-projection and of oneness with nature that finds in May woods and budding flowers, in skies and breezes, and even in wintry snows a delight far keener than any meretricious excitement can afford.

For this kind of temperament life can never be dull; spiritual fare never really meagre. Though caviare be unattainable, there is always wholesome bread. Mid the squalor of a great city green things shoot in spring and flowers bloom in summer, and a red sun struggling through a fog may produce effects worthy of a painter's brush.

There are pretty Sallies even yet in close alleys. Many a filthy court has in it something of true manliness and noble womanhood, and to the sympathetic soul becomes interesting and picturesque, for the reason that it encloses like emotions with those of that soul.

Everywhere can be found the grace of childhood, the fragrance of affection, the beauty of courage and honesty, to leaven and sweeten the commonplace lump.

It is not to the romantic situations, the thrilling incidents, that we look back in late life as the plums of our cake. The flavor of passionate delight is apt to fade and vanish like the fumes of champagne; to cloy like the seasoning of some rich viand. At best it will leave a vague regret; and a certain sense of penitence is usually our first waking emotion after a particularly joyous holiday.

We like best to let memory linger upon the simple, wholesome enjoyments, the fireside talks, the intellectual companionships, the charms of scenery, the sweet everyday interests, and the congenial relationships which have gone to make up the sum of our joy. "The light of happiness," says Richter, "not the burning point of pleasure, is good for our lives."

SANCTIFICATION includes the mortification of sin and the cultivation of practical holiness; the mortification of sin, in thought, in desire, in word, in action; and the cultivation of holiness, in the same way, in thought, in desire and affection, in word, in action; crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts; and by the diligent and persevering use of all prescribed means of spiritual improvement, namely, the word, the ordinances and the providential dispensations of God, cherishing all the principles of the Divine life in the soul.

A CERTAIN amount of time and thought is due to every choice that is made and every answer that is given. How much this shall be is a problem for each to solve. Life is too short and duties are too many to allow of unnecessary delay. In numerous petty matters it is better to be prompt, even at the risk of occasional mistake, than to consume valuable time in debating. In important matters, where rash and hasty decisions are of course to be avoided, it is well to fix a suitable time for consideration and to abide by the limits.

IF I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense and ability to express it are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.

THE Christian hope of immortality cannot be an egotistic hope, because the affection does not centre upon an individual; it is in its very essence social; love enters into its very composition, and it looks forward to a communion of good as its very end and goal. Every one, indeed, can test the scope of this affection; and even the deaths we read of, or those which only imagination pictures, bear witness to the same.

GENTLENESS in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gesture or quick movement inspires involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade; but one sits for hours, lost in thought, gazing upon the still water of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manners and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man an immense advantage over those vastly superior to him.

WHOSOEVER shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it; for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

THE first law that ever God gave to man was a law of pure obedience; it was a commandment naked and simple, wherein man had nothing to inquire after or to dispute, forasmuch as to obey is the proper office of a rational soul, acknowledging a heavenly superior and benefactor. From obedience and submission spring all other virtues, as all sin does from self-opinion.

THERE is no man but for his own interest hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to hold the horns of this altar, which, in all assays, can in itself protect him.

ONE'S age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; hard work at either extremity of human existence seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn and men may labor under it.

IT seems rather extraordinary that pride, which is constantly struggling, and often imposing on itself, to gain some little pre-eminence, should so seldom hint to us the only certain, as well as laudable way of setting ourselves above another man, and that is, by becoming his benefactor.

LEARN the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything; this he offers you inadvertently in his words. He who has a superlative for everything wants a measure for the great or small.

"WORDS, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords. There are words whose sting can remain through a whole life!

PERFECT prayers without a spot or blemish, though not one word be spoken, and no phrases known to mankind be tampered with, always pluck the heart out of the earth and move it softly, like a censer, to and fro beneath the face of heaven.

LET no man be sorry he has done good, because others concerned with him have done evil! If a man has acted right, he has done well, though alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind will not justify him.

THAT is not the best sermon that makes the hearers go away talking to one another and praising the speaker; but that which makes them go away thoughtful and serious, and hastening to be alone.

A GOOD man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.

THAT alone can be called true refinement which elevates the soul of man, purifying the manners by improving the intellect.

BEFORE we passionately desire anything which another enjoys, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.

The World's Happenings.

A North Wales, Pa., factory makes 39,000 yards of suspenders a week.

Over 1,000,000,000 cans are used annually by the canners of this country.

During the last 16 years 25,000 sailors on British ships have been lost at sea.

The Poor Farm in Pawnee county, Kansas, is said to be a failure—for lack of paupers.

It is just one hundred years since the price of oats in England was as low as it is now.

A swinging sign in front of a Chicago store bears the legend: "The Truth Spoken Here."

A Nebraska church fair netted eleven cents, five lawsuits, an incendiary fire and a broken leg.

A citizen of Mexico, Mo., reports has it, is already a grandfather, although he is only 35 years old.

A baby was born in New York the other day with but one ear. It is said that there is but one other similar case on record.

An Arkansas suicide filled his mouth with powder and then applied a lighted match. The explosion tore away a portion of his face.

In Germany householders are allowed to treat trespassing cats and dogs as beasts of prey—that is, they can kill them in any way they choose.

It is reported that at a recent wedding in Pittsfield, Mass., the bride was bought by the groom of a rival for $85, the young woman consenting to the transfer.

An eminent firm of soap-makers offered to supply the British census grads if they should be allowed to print their advertisements on the back. The offer was refused.

Baron Hirsch de Gereuth, who has been raised to the Austrian house of peers by the Emperor Francis Joseph, is the first Hebrew to receive such an honor. It cost him $20,000,000 in charity.

There are 3,000,000 men in America who get shaved 3 times a week. This means an expenditure of 30 cents a week or $15.60 a year for each man, or for the 3,000,000 $15,000,000 annually.

The funeral of a Toledo physician was postponed at the request of his dying wife, who said she wished to be buried with him. She died several days later, and the two were interred together.

This is the kind of temperance sermon they are preaching in Michigan, now: "With land at $45.36 an acre, and whisky at 10 cents a glass, a man drinks up 100 square feet of land with every drink."

The dog corps in the French army is being carefully trained at Belfort. Large dogs are chosen. Every day they are shown soldiers in German uniforms, and taught to fly at them on sight.

Electricity has done much for civilization, but its possibilities, it seems, have not been exhausted. An "electric birch" has been invented, by which refractory school pupils can be punished to a nicety and no marks be left.

A Neenah, Wis., despatch tells of the case of Abel Willard, aged 69 years, "who, after being without a tooth for several years, is now sprouting a full set of fine new upper teeth, and enduring all the agonies of an infant in teething."

Excessive greed almost doomed a gang of St. Louis counterfeiters. Rather than buy lead with which to manufacture the spurious coins, they stole water pipes from dwellings, and while thus engaged they narrowly escaped capture at the hands of the police.

A New Haven lawyer, in looking over some coins which he had received as change, found a 5-cent piece stamped with his uncle's name. He had been given the piece by his uncle over 10 years before, but parted with it shortly after it came into his possession.

In Japan theatrical audiences are said to show their appreciation of the actors by throwing pieces of their clothing, hats, coats, sashes, etc., on the stage. At the close of the play they redeem these articles at fixed prices, the proceeds going to the fortunate actor.

The woman who haunts the bob-tailed cars, hands some obliging stranger a nickel to drop into the box, then swears it was a quarter, and makes such a fuss about it that the innocent go-between gives her 20 cents to pacify her, has turned up at East Saginaw, Michigan.

Two young men who gathered up a wagon load of flat-irons in Bloomingdale, Ind., several weeks ago, with the avowed intention of nickel-plating them, have not since been seen. The anxiety, however, seems to be centred in the disappearance of the flat-irons rather than in that of the enterprising youths.

Two Illinois farmers, living near Tuscola, went to law over a $6 pig more than 3 years ago, and the case was appealed until it reached the Circuit Court. That Court has just decided that one of the litigants shall pay for the pig and the other pay the costs. Altogether, in costs and attorneys' fees, the pig has cost the two men $1200.

A grocery firm in a Missouri town makes the following liberal offer: "Any man who drinks two drachms of whisky per day for a year, and pays 10 cents a drink for it, can have at our store 30 sacks of flour, 200 pounds of granulated sugar, and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get $2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures."

The following was recently turned in as a bona fide composition by an Indiana school-boy: "The human body is made up of the head, the thorax and the abdomen. The head contains the brains, when there is any. The thorax contains the heart, lungs and diafram. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y."

The Sheriff at Mobile, Ala., resorted to rather novel means to overpower a rebellious prisoner. Armed with a dirk, the belligerent defied the prison officials to remove him to the dark cell, whereupon the neighborhood fire company was ordered to turn a stream upon him. While he was vainly attempting to dodge the ice cold water the officials rushed upon and overpowered him.

THE BEST.

BY MARK ANDRE.

When your delightful love began
To brighten in your face,
I sighed to think how passion can
Abolish youthful grace.

When first your lips victorious smiled
On my victorious eyes,
I sighed to think of you a child
So lately now so wise.

When flashing red and paling white
You stood without a word,
I sighed to think of when delight
Would leave your heart unstirred.

But now 'tis neither ignorance
Nor youth I most regret,
Nor would I mourn a spoilt romance
If you but loved me yet.

A Day-Dream.

BY J. SALE LLOYD.

THERE is yet a lovely unspoiled seaside nook in the ever-altering and supposed-to-be improving Island.

Few tourists have even heard of it, and to prevent their encroaching upon its peaceful territory and breaking its refreshing quietude, the secret of its whereabouts must remain a mystery.

It lies in a tiny bay, all wooded down to the water's brink, with green hills rising at the back, and away to the right there is good cover for game in the thick half-wild tangle of undergrowth, where the white-tailed rabbits scurry about by hundreds, or sit sunning themselves in inanimate brown heaps of lazy luxury. A sudden bend inland discloses a beautiful estuary, which winds its way among the foot of the hills, looking soft and silent, with scarcely a ripple to move its surface.

Captain Bertram Berkeley, who was quartered with his regiment in the same county, noticed it while out sailing in the regimental yacht, nestling like a tiny gem in its verdant setting, and a fancy seized him to pay it a visit.

There was not one of his brother officers of his own standing whom he did not pester to accompany him thither, till it became almost a joke among them.

"My dear fellow," remonstrated his great friend, Hubert Falkner, "we should be buried alive in such a dull place; why, there can be nothing on earth to do there. Go, by all means, if you want a fit of the blues, but don't ask any one else to share your fate."

Well, he obtained leave of absence, and he did go!

They took him to the little bay in the yacht, and put him on shore with his portmanteau, promising to return for him that day week, and sailed away again, laughing at Bertram's folly.

The first afternoon he enjoyed thoroughly. Everything was so new, and bright, and lovely.

He found a quaint ivy-clad little inn, where the landlady was apple-cheeked and good-looking, and he intrusted himself for the week to her tender mercies; and having ascertained from her the prettiest walks, he started off for a round, inhaling the sea breezes with avidity, and ended his day upon the beach, where he sat till dusk, lazily throwing stones into the water.

That night he wrote to his friend:

"DEAR FALKNER,—

"You were wrong not to come; it is charming! Jolly little inn and pretty little hostess. Lovely walks; all I want is a companion. You had better join me.

"Yours,

"B. B."

But Captain Falkner did not see it in the same light, and Bertram Berkeley remained alone.

The day after, he followed a lane which he had not noticed before. It appeared to lead up to the rough and tangled undergrowth upon the hill-side, and he thought he might get that way to the sea.

Suddenly he stopped, for before him lay a home which was a perfect idyl. A many-gabled, golden-thatched cottage of considerable size, showing on all sides the affluence.

It was covered with rare climbing plants; the very air was redolent with the perfume of the roses of all sorts, which clustered in every available spot.

The fences were rustic, and entwined with ivy and virginian creeper.

The lawn were smooth as a billiard-table and soft as moss.

The flower-beds were filled with blossom; but it was neither upon house, nor lawn, nor rustic work, nor flowers, that his eyes were fixed, but upon the figure of a girl of some twenty years of age, reclining in a low garden chair, intently reading a book; and the more he gazed the greater grew his admiration.

She was totally unaware of his presence, and it was evident that spectators were not usual in that hidden corner, all among the trees, and hedge-rows, and tangled undergrowth.

It was quite a surprise to find this little paradise of perfume there; as though some fairy had conjured it up with her magic wand, and the recumbent girl was fit for the princess in the fairy tale.

She had masses of gold-brown waving hair hanging down loosely about her shoulders and almost touching the ground, and the sunbeams were giving it their own bright shades.

She had evidently been out to bathe, and was letting the sun and air dry her luxuriant tresses for her.

Her eyes were hidden by their long fringed lashes, but the rest of the oval face was perfect.

In repose the mouth vied with Cupid's bow in shape; the nose was short and straight, the ears like tiny sea-shells, the chin dimpled, the brow broad and white and intellectual, partly hidden by short curls, which the water had but made more wavy.

She was dressed in a plain white flannel costume, which clung to her figure and revealed its perfect symmetry, while a pretty foot in a neat black shoe and stocking was peeping from beneath the white skirt, and Bertram saw that the ancle was slender and the instep arched, and the white hands and rounded arms shown by her somewhat short sleeves were none the less to his taste.

Upon her lap lay a tiny Yorkshire terrier asleep, and she stroked it while she read.

"What a girl! A regular Venus!" murmured the watcher, "And has a mind too; how attentively she reads."

How long he stood regarding her he never knew, but it was, he admitted to himself, a considerable time.

She got impatient with her book, the author had not pleased her.

"Rubbish!" she cried; "sentimental trash!" and flung the volume aside.

"Sensible, too," said Captain Berkeley; "by Jove! she's a *rara avis*."

Her sudden movement had awoke her fluffy little rat of a dog, and he began to bark furiously, with a sharp "yap, yap," for he had at last found out the near vicinity of a stranger.

Bertram's goddess turned suddenly, and looked searchingly towards the spot where he stood.

"Heavens! what eyes! Blue as a sapphire in the sunlight, with black fringed lashes!" Soldier as he was, and carpet knight, he could do nothing but stare, dazzled by her unusual beauty.

A shade of annoyance crossed the beautiful face as she turned away and walked towards the house, fondling the happy little dog as she went along.

How gracefully she walked, with an ease and elasticity in her movements not often seen.

He continued watching, but the white-robed figure appeared no more.

He found his road to the sea, happily unconscious that it was a private one and that he was trespassing, and returned the same way.

His divinity was singing, and her voice was as sweet and beautiful as her face:

"Why should we parted be, Kathleen Aroon?
When thy fond heart's with me, Kathleen Aroon."

Why indeed? How he longed to go in and say all sorts of insane and impossible things to her!

He made a perch for himself upon an ivy-clad wall, and listened until voice and piano ceased; then he heard her call her horrid little dog, and she came to the hall door with it in her arms, and kissed it and called it her darling, and the little wretch found him out again and began once more to yap like a child's toy, and ashamed to be caught watching her, he slid from his hiding-place upon the ground out of sight.

"Little stupid!" she said, looking around, "no one is there;" and because the small animal wriggled so she set it down. She had asserted that no one was there, but Tiny knew better, and having squeezed itself through the rustic work it vigorously attacked the captain's stockinged legs, for he had a shapely calf, and was indulging in knickerbockers.

The little brute "worried" him so terribly that he beat a hasty retreat and left it in possession of the field.

That evening he smoked profoundly, drawing at his cigar like a man in deep thought; moreover, a rare thing for Bertram Berkeley, he dreamed—and his dreams were of blue eyes and golden hair.

His first waking thought was of the princess of the fairy cottage.

"She bathes," he said. "I go down to the sea shore;" and sprang out of bed and went without even asking for his breakfast, and regardless of the cravings of the inner man, he stayed on the beach till twelve, but she never came. Hungry and dissatisfied he returned to the inn and ate his burnt-up viands, which had been waiting for him since 10 o'clock, and started for that narrow lane once more.

This time he was not disappointed: there she was!

Her hair was plaited and coiled up, and she looked like a young queen, and in his mind he apostrophised her as a Juno.

He hid behind some thick shrubs, and prayed that his enemy might not discover him.

A sun hat was in her left hand, and she placed it upon her head, and turning to a mowing-machine which stood upon the lawn, she set to work with a will to cut the grass, and the sharp bright blades revolved as the verdant atoms flew before her.

"Strong and muscular, too," he said admiringly; "no doctor's bills for her! What a wife she will make!"

The grass was finished and the bright vision vanished, and once more the thoughtful mood descended upon the captain.

He was up again early the next morning and down upon the beach, but his divinity was earlier still, and was already in the water, dressed in the prettiest of French bathing costumes, and swimming about like a fish.

When she perceived the stranger she swam behind a projecting rock and darted with wonderful agility through the wooded path up the hill side and out of sight.

"And modest!" cried Bertram with enthusiasm; "I wish to goodness I knew her."

He had his wish, in a measure, that afternoon. He met her accidentally out walking, and Tiny was with her.

For once he blessed that dog. He snarled at a strong fox terrier, who immediately bowled him over, with the evident intention of making mince-meat of him.

Here was a grand opportunity! No one disliked the idea of hydrophobia more than Bertram Berkeley, but he was not the man to lose such a chance.

He rushed to the rescue, and administering a severe chastisement upon the bellicose animal, delivered the small creature in safety to its anxious mistress.

"Oh, thank you, very, very much!" she said eagerly. "It was so good of you to save my little pet. I am most grateful to you;" and she raised her beautiful blue eyes to his face, while his heart beat with a heavy thud, worthy of the Nasmyth hammer.

He was a handsome fellow, and she acknowledged the fact to herself as she looked up to his animated countenance—the clear, dark eyes, the closely-cropped hair and clean-shaved bronzed face—save for the heavy brown moustache—the tall manly figure, and erect carriage.

"It has been more than a pleasure to serve you," he murmured, raising his hat chivalrously. "I am delighted I was upon the spot; such savage dogs ought to be muzzled."

He turned as he spoke and walked by her side.

"So far out of London such regulations are not enforced," she answered with a smile.

"No, but they ought to be if hydrophobia is to be stamped out of England."

"I hope you have not let that animal bite you!" she said anxiously.

"Oh dear no! What a lovely little place this is!"

"Yes. You are a stranger here?" she said interrogatively.

"Quite. I confess I should prefer having a companion, but I have enjoyed my stay here so far; they take great care of me at the inn."

"They are very respectable people," she returned demurely.

"What an exquisite little cottage yours is," he said, after a pause; "do you know I saw you in your garden a day or two since."

"Yes, I recognized you again," she returned quietly. "Tiny rather objected to you, but he did not know you would prove a friend in need to him," she ended with a sunny laugh.

"No. He was decidedly antagonistic," he answered, laughing too.

"Do you want to muzzle him?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so; if the thing is to be done at all it should be done properly, but if any dog in the world is exempted that one should be Tiny."

"Because he is so amiable?" she queried.

"No, because his mistress is," replied he gallantly.

"That was well turned," she laughed; "and now I must wish you good-day; our roads lie apart, I am going home."

A look of regret passed across his features, and his eyes fell upon a cluster of delicate Marshal Niel roses upon her shoulder.

"What exquisite blossoms!" he said; "may I ask a great favor?"

"You have done me one," she answered graciously, "and have certainly the right to demand one in return."

"I haven't a flower in my room," he said in a low voice; "may I crave one of your roses for my table?"

"One would be of little use—you are welcome to the whole bunch, they will fill a small vase," she answered readily, and unpinning them she placed them in his hand with a natural unconcerned bow, as she turned in the direction of her golden-thatched cottage with her dog in her arms.

"Grateful, and generous, and affectionate," he decided, and pressed the roses to his lips. That night he wrote again to his friend:

"DEAR FALKNER,—

"I have met my fate. It is no use your coming for me; I shall get my leave extended. She is enchanting! It is serious this time, old fellow, so don't laugh.

"Yours ever,

"B. B."

He haunted that lane. Sometimes he spoke to her over the fence; she was very gracious to him, but she did not ask him in.

Once she was walking in the garden with an elderly man.

"Her father," he told himself. "What a nice-looking old fellow; I must get hold of him, and then it will be all right.

"Her father," he told himself. "What a nice-looking old fellow; I must get hold of him, and then it will all right.

He telegraphed to Covent Garden for a bouquet of rare exotics to be sent down to him by parcels post.

They came, and he went and left them at the house himself, with his card attached, and underneath he wrote, "In grateful return for the roses," and closed the box once more.

A neat maid received it from his hands, and by her "Merci, monsieur," he discovered she was a Frenchwoman.

He asked no questions, and left no message, not wishing to expose his ignorance of even his lady's name.

He walked on, but he was restless, and returned once more and sat upon the wall to watch.

Surely his divinity would come out soon. She did, with the garden hose in her hand, and set to work diligently to water. Suddenly she turned it in the captain's direction, and soused him through and through. Then, with a silvery laugh, quickly checked, she made her apologies.

"Dear me, Captain Berkeley!" she said with much apparent concern, "I'm afraid I have sprinkled you a little."

"Sprinkled" him! He was wet through; but he vowed it was "nothing," and that he "liked it," and she thanked him so sweetly for the bouquet, that he was quite happy, only his happiness was short-lived, for she had a pressing engagement and hastened indoors at once.

He sauntered to the inn, and changed his clothes, then started for a walk, thinking of her.

A dog-cart was dashing along the road, and suddenly a cheery voice aroused him.

"Hallo, Berkeley! Where on earth have you sprung from? Who would ever have expected you to turn up in this quiet corner?" and the speaker handed the reins to his cockaded groom and jumped down to greet his friend and elder brother-officer, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"I may very well return the compliment, La Coste," laughed Bertram Berkeley. "I have never once seen you since you left us at 'Gib,' two years ago; fancy my meeting you in this quiet place, when no quarters used to be gay enough for you."

"Ah! I've sown all my wild oats, old fellow, and married, and settled down into the bargain; and what's more, I don't regret it."

"'Tant mieux pour vous!' I fear there are not many such prizes in the matrimonial market."

"Can't say. I never had a bad opinion of the sex, as you are aware, and my wife has raised my estimate of womenkind."

"Lucky man!"

"I echo your sentiment. I suppose you're

still adamant! No one has made an impression, eh?"

Captain Berkeley positively flushed under the bronze, and thoughtfully pulled his moustache.

"By Jove! you're in or it," laughed Major La Coste. "Well, come and dine with us to-night, and I will introduce you to my wife, and you can tell me all about it over our cigar after dinner."

"What, you are living here then?"

"Yes! We have a pretty little box. Where are you staying? I'll stroll down and take you back in triumph; it will be quite a treat to hear all the news of the old regiment."

"I'll come with pleasure; I'm putting up at the little inn. What time do you dine?"

"7, and I'll fetch you at a quarter to," and with a friendly nod, the major jumped up once more into his dog-cart.

"Can I take you anywhere, Berkeley?"

"No thanks, I'll continue my walk;" and so the friends parted.

Major La Coste arrived with military punctuality, and there was a strange smile upon his handsome face and lurking in the depths of his fine grey eyes.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "We must not keep dinner waiting—your cook is the last person in the world whom you should offend."

They chatted briskly as they walked up the lane.

"Here we are," said La Coste, throwing open his gate; "pretty little place, is it not? But perhaps you may have seen it before, in your rambles."

"You don't live here!" stammered his visitor; "I thought—I didn't think——"

"Of course you didn't, old fellow; come in and see my wife."

Without a word, Bertram Berkeley followed him.

Mechanically he hung up his hat in the hall, mechanically he went with him into the room, of which he flung open the door, with a strange feeling as of a sleep-walker about him.

It seemed to him he was having some unpleasant dream, and that he was spell-bound by it; that he could hear, and see, and feel, but that all power over himself was denied him.

"Geraldine, here is my friend, Captain Berkeley—Berkeley, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

The eyes of Major and Mrs. La Coste danced with merriment.

"I think Captain Berkeley and I have met before," said the lady in a musical voice, and the music and words of "Kathleen Aroon" sounded afresh in the listener's ears.

"Why should we parted be?"

"Why, indeed!"

"Lawrence, dear, Captain Berkeley was so very kind; he saved my poor little Tiny from being hurt by such a horrid savage dog; I am sure, like myself, you are infinitely obliged to him. Dinner? thanks, the passages are too narrow for taking arms, we just follow the leader; shall I go first, and show the way? See what a lovely centre-piece your exquisite flowers make!" and she waved her delicate white hand towards the bouquet he had left for her, which was in the middle of the well-appointed table, which was laden with beautiful blossoms.

"Lawrence, was it not kind of Captain Berkeley to send me such lovely exotics; and all in exchange for a cluster of common roses; don't you think I had the best of the bargain?"

"Undoubtedly," he laughed, and again their eyes met.

"I do hope I did not splash you much with that horrid hose this afternoon, but how was I to know any one was sitting upon the wall? You see the lane is a private road, and no one ever passes this way, so I couldn't expect you, could I?" and she looked at him quizzically.

"Private!" he faltered, "I beg your pardon; I didn't know."

"Of course not, but you would have been very welcome, as Lawrence's friend, had I been aware of it, I'm sure; and I must make Tiny respect his protector. Lawrence has been a whole week away in London, and left me here alone. Did he tell you?"

"No," answered the captain. "I don't think he did."

He did no justice to the *recherche* little dinner; all he wanted to do was to escape. He knew that he had made a fool of himself, and was well aware that Mrs. La Coste knew it too; and more, that she had told her husband all about it.

"Well, now for your confession, Berkeley," said the major, as he lighted his cigar by that of his friend, and talked between the whiffs. "What is she like? Dark or fair, merry or pensive? Beautiful, of course, or she never would have attracted you."

"There is no 'she' in the case," asserted the other, almost roughly, "and never will be. I thought you wanted to hear all about the old set; there have been a lot of changes, even in this short time."

"And so I do; drive on Berkeley. I'm settled as a good listener," and he ensconced himself in an Indian lounging chair, looking thoroughly at home.

But the Captain never before was so vague and disjointed, and took his leave as early as he possibly could.

That night he drew up a telegram, and desired it might be sent off at the earliest hour the following morning.

It was to his friend Falkner, begging him to bring the yacht to fetch him the same day.

He was waiting upon the seashore with his small portmanteau beside him when the little craft hove in sight, and they sent a boat to the shore to bring him on board.

"Well, old man, and how is the fair inamorata?" laughed his friend, looking at his clouded face.

"She is, like all the rest, a heartless coquette," returned Berkeley savagely.

Captain Falkner gave a long low whistle.

"Does the wind lie that way? Well, old fellow, I was once jilted myself, and I can sympathize with you."

"Jilted," replied the other sharply, "I've not been jilted, I've only been made a fool of. I fell in love with a married woman, and she and her husband enjoyed the joke together; that's all, and so ends my day-dream."

And from that hour Captain Berkeley has never been known to mention the subject.

Captain Falkner learnt the details later on from Major La Coste, who seemed to think the affair rare fun.

The Phantom Wagon.

BY S. E. W.

On the southern edge of the great Karroo, in Africa, between Palatas River and Zout Kloof, is situated a bleak and desolate tract, commonly known as the "Spoek," or Haunted Country, which is popularly believed to be the peculiar resort of ghosts and demons, who certainly have, in their selection of this locality, exhibited a remarkable want of taste.

The supernatural visitors said to have been met with in this district are various, but the apparition most frequently seen is a spectral wagon, which, with phantom mules or horses, and phantom drivers, rushes furiously across the "veldt" in the still hours just preceding daybreak.

The tales concerning this Phantom Wagon are numerous and varied; and on two occasions I have met men who asserted, with every appearance of good faith, that they had actually seen it.

On the second occasion, the wagon in which I was travelling was outspanned a little distance beyond the farm-house at Patatas River.

It was a pitch-dark night; a low, moaning breeze, which struck rather cold, swept across the dreary plain, and we, the passengers, were gathered round a glowing fire of ox-chips, talking and smoking. At a distance of some six hundred yards was another outspan. The shadows of the men sitting or moving round its fire were flung in grotesque and gigantic shapes across the zone of stony ground lighted up by the flickering flames; while, borne gently down to our ears, and softened and beautified by the distance and the sobbing of the wind, came the strains of a violin, not at all badly played, and the voices of three or four white men singing some pathetic minstrel air.

Probably, it was the opaque darkness of the night, which the eye sought vainly to penetrate; the wailing sound of the light wind; the sense of being lost, as it were, in the dense blackness and the vast solitude of the plain, coupled with the half-awakened sadness caused by the distant music, which seemed to recall some dim recollection of a past longing or a past sorrow, and that caused the conversation, already carried on in low tones, to turn upon death-omens, ghosts, and all the stock-in-trade generally of the supernatural.

An Englishman of middle age led the way of narrating a curious coincidence of which he had heard—of thirteen people having sat down to dinner on a Christmas Day, and of the man who rose first from the table having died before twelve months had elapsed.

All of us had heard of this old superstition, and we began to discuss the relative probability as to one person out of any given thirteen dying before a given time; but a bagman from Manchester, who was known to us by the name of Simpson, but whose Mosaic features betrayed his nationality under the disguise of an assumed Anglo-Saxon cognomen, was full of high-souled scorn and derision at the idea of anyone believing for a moment in any such ridiculous nonsense.

He proceeded to cross-examine the Englishman.

"Was you present at this dinner?" he inquired.

"No, I wasn't there."

"Then how do you know anything about it?"

"A brother of mine, who was at the dinner, told me."

"How do you know he wasn't telling you a lie?"

"My brothers don't lie."

"Then they don't take after you," replied the bagman, bursting into a loud but forced laugh of incredulity.

We became really afraid that unpleasantness would occur, for the Englishman did not appear provided with any further stock of patience, while the bagman seemed to be entirely unconscious of his critical situation.

"If you mean to call me a liar," said the Englishman, "say so, and I'll know what to do."

We trembled at the prospect of a passage of arms between these two antagonists at this hour of the night.

We were lazy, drowsy, and, moreover, subdued by the surroundings which I have described. We did not want to be disturbed by any pugilistic encounter.

Fortunately the peace was preserved by an interposition.

"I can tell you of something queer, that you can't explain away, and which I saw with my own eyes," interposed a man of about fifty years of age, whose beard, of a red-brown hue, was plentifully streaked with grey, and from his attire—for he wore the usual felt hat and moleskins of the Colony—we supposed to be an African. We knew him in the wagon by the name of Lutterodt; but that might, or might not, have been his real name.

Being all desirous of peace, and glad of this diversion, we eagerly pressed our man to unfold his tale. In the clamor of voices, that of the bagman, if indeed he was enunciating any retort to his adversary, was drowned, and in the calm of a restored harmony our Africander friend held forth. I cannot guarantee that the following are the actual words he used.

In fact, I am not acquainted with shorthand, and I did not attempt to take down his narrative as it fell from his lips, but I am certain that the gist of it is preserved in what follows.

"A matter of some eight years ago, I was travelling in the post-cart from Ceres to Beaufort West.

"It was in November, towards the end of it, as far as I remember. There was in the cart, besides me and the driver, old Serrurier of Conrader's Fontein, and a Cape Town man who had come up to Ceres from Darling Bridge.

"I had the seat next the driver; the other two sat behind. The driver was Anthony de Heer.

"We had some slight accident to one of the wheels, and at nightfall we stopped at this very place, Patatas River, to patch it up. At about three next morning we started again. It was a bright starlight night, and bitterly cold. We wrapped ourselves in our "karosses," and went off into a half-doze in the cart, being wakened up every now and then as we were swung from side to side when jolting over the stones and ruts. We were soon in the middle of the Spoek country, which we shall pass through to-morrow.

"We were all nodding in our seats, dreaming no doubt of comfortable beds, when the cart suddenly stopped short, nearly throwing us out. We thought there was something in the way, and looked ahead; but there was nothing to be seen. 'What's up?' I asked of Anthony, who was cursing and swearing at the horses. 'Hanged if I know,' said he. 'I didn't pull them up. They stopped dead short of themselves.' I held the reins while he got down to see if there was anything wrong with the harness, and then, as it was found all right, we got ready to start again. At first the horses wouldn't move, and kept backing; but a few cuts with the whip brought them to their senses, and off we went once more.

"We went along for some half-a-mile all right, when suddenly they stopped short again. Anthony began cursing, when I thought I heard the sound of wheels, and stopped him to listen. True enough, over to our right we heard the cracking of a whip, the cries of a driver, and the rumble of wheels coming fast towards us. 'There's a wagon coming,' said I; 'you'd best draw to one side, or they'll run into us.' 'It's off the road,' said Anthony. 'The road goes straight ahead, and the wagon's over here to our right.'

"True enough it was, as our ears told us. It was coming along at a furious rate on a dark night, over stones, rocks, and bushes, where a man could hardly drive forty yards in the daytime, out of a walk, without smashing. 'Runaway, p'raps,' said the man from Cape Town. Presently we saw the white wagon-tilt looming up in the gloom, to our right a good deal, but still to our front. It seemed to be coming straight towards us. The noise it made was something astonishing—it was like a thunder-clap echoing amongst the hills.

"In a few seconds we could see the mules, ten, twelve, fourteen of them, with heads down, tearing along at full gallop, and a mass of foam and steam. They were about a hundred yards off, and coming straight at us. 'Where are you going to?' shouted Anthony. A loud yell came from the wagon, and then followed a burst of devilish laughter that made my blood run cold. Anthony lashed the horses to make them move out of the way, but they would not stir, and stood there trembling and snorting, with their manes bristling like a hyena's. In another second the wagon would be into us. We sprang out like lightning, and ran back.

"On came the leading mules. Their heads nearly touched the cart when they swerved off, and the whole span, with the wagon leaping after them, shot past us by a hair's breath. As they went by, there came the coldest blast of air that I have ever felt. It made us feel as if our blood had been turned into ice; and, just as the wagon was passing us, the driver turned his head round to us and pushed back his hat. Good Heavens! what a face was that we saw! It was no Tottie who was driving. It was the face of a white man, ghastly pale, like that of a corpse, and the jaws were tied up with a white cloth. The eyes seemed to look us through and through. Just as the wagon passed came another yell of devilish laughter from inside the wagon, and then was dead silence. All in a second the crash, rattle, and rumble ceased, and not a sound was to be heard. At that same moment the wagon disappeared.

"We looked at each other astounded. Anthony was shivering. 'It's the Phantom Wagon of the Spoek,' said he. 'I've heard of it often enough; but never expected to see it.' We said that was nonsense, that the wagon had probably suddenly stopped, and we ran into the veldt to look for it; but not a trace of it could we discover anywhere. We were coming back to where we had left Anthony with the cart, when a bright light suddenly shone out a little way off, and we saw a camp fire, with two men sitting by it. We ran towards it, thinking to clear up the mystery, when the two men got up, turned their ghastly faces on us, and disappeared. At the same moment the fire went out. We felt the ground; but it was quite cold, and there were no embers, ashes, or any traces of a fire at all.

"We went back to the cart. Anthony seemed very gloomy. We knew the reason, for we knew the old story about the Phantom Wagon. It is that it charges right down upon any cart, or vehicle of any kind it comes across. If no one challenges it, it smashes right into it, and all inside are doomed; but if any one challenges, that man saves the others at the expense of himself, for he is bound to die within a week. We tried to cheer Anthony up, telling him it was all humbug, though after what we had just seen we didn't really think so, and said that what we had seen was very likely a spectral illusion of the same kind as I have heard the Hartz demon described to be. But we were half-hearted about it, and when Anthony said that no spectral illusion caused by shadows on a mist, or anything of that kind, could make the noises we had heard, even if the morning had been misty, which it wasn't, we felt there was nothing more to be said. Poor fellow, he felt very bad about it, thinking of his wife and children at Ceres whom he had only left the morning before."

Here the narrator paused.

"Did the driver pull through after all?" said some one.

"No. Poor Anthony! On the back journey he somehow had an accident in Hottentot's Kloof. It was a strange thing, for he was known to be a good and careful driver. He and the cart and horses were found all smashed to atoms at the bottom of a ravine. He must have driven right over the precipice."

A solemn silence followed the termination of the story. It was interrupted by the Hebrew bagman, Simpson.

"You don't suppose we're going to believe such a lot of bosh as that, do you?" he enquired.

"I didn't tell the story for your benefit," replied Lutterodt. "You can believe it or not, as you like. But what I've said I'm prepared to swear to."

"Been on the booze, p'raps—going to have D. T.," continued the bagman.

No reply.

"I should have liked to have been there," he remarked to the circle generally. "I'd have liked to try the effect of a leaden pill out of this little persuader on the pasty-faced driver of the mules," and he drew from his inner breast-pocket a small revolver.

"I wonder you carry weapons," interposed the Englishman. "You seem so extra plucky you might have got along without them, especially as other folk do."

"Ah!" said the bagman. "You see I ain't a beggarly digger. I've got property to defend."

The Englishman sprang to his feet. He stigmatized the bagman as a condemned, unbelieving Jew, desired him to come on and be blanked, and at the same time promised that, should he respond to this invitation, he would proceed to place him in a condition in which he would at once require the services of a skilled oculist and an experienced dentist.

We at once interposed. To do the bagman justice, he did not appear at all inclined to disturb the harmony of the outspan by a resort to a vulgar trial of strength; so we desired him to go and sleep in the wagon, and to leave us alone.

So he went, soliloquizing aloud about "bosh," "set of old women," "believe in any humbug."

When he had gone we discussed the story, appealing to the narrator on various points.

We gathered from him that no mortal eye had ever looked upon the contents of the Phantom Wagon; that it was supposed by some to contain a complement of demons let loose on temporary duty from below; while others were of opinion that it contained the spectres of those who had been destroyed by it; and who, exulting in the prospect of other unfortunates meeting with the fate that had been theirs, gave vent to the mocking and malignant laughter which was always heard.

Then as one after the other yawned, and pipe after pipe fell from relaxing lips, conversation gradually ceased, and, wrapped in our "karosses" or rugs, we laid with our feet to the fire, and slept as soundly on the hard ground as if we had been couched on feather beds.

About three in the morning the guard came and shook us up. We struggled to our feet, yawned, stretched, grumbled at being disturbed, and stumbled towards the wagon, into which we climbed.

The night wind seemed colder than ever, and we huddled together and endeavored to renew our broken slumbers. On we went over the dark and desolate plain.

Strange sounds and cries came up from the distance, the cries of night birds, or of nocturnal animals prowling over the veldt.

Said Lutterodt, "We are in the Spoek now."

"All bosh," muttered the bagman.

After about an hour a pale grey light appeared in the distant east; the stars grew dim, and the light breeze freshened and grew colder.

Suddenly we heard in front of us the distant cracking of a whip, and the sound of wheels. We looked at each other, thinking of the story of the previous night.

"It was just about here," said Lutterodt in a sepulchral voice, "that the Phantom

Wagon came on us."

I looked at the bagman. He was very pale. He tried to laugh; but the lips would only form a sickly smile. The Englishman and Lutterodt exchanged glances.

"Look here, gentlemen," said the latter "one of us has got to challenge, or we are all lost. Who will volunteer to do it?"

No answer.

"As you don't believe in ghosts or my story," he continued, turning to the bagman, "perhaps you will."

"No, I shan't."

The rattle and crash drew nearer and nearer; but the approaching wagon was still at some distance.

Our driver pulled up and drew to one side. The Englishman and Lutterodt again exchanged glances.

Then the latter, who was on the seat behind that on which the bagman sat, suddenly rose and pinned his arms from behind; while the former, who was in the front of him, leant back, drew the revolver from his breast-pocket, cocked it, and pointed it at his head.

"Challenge at once, you unbelieving Jew," he cried, "or by Heaven, I'll blow your brains out."

The bagman turned white as a sheet. "You daren't do it. It's murder—you'll be hanged. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, protect me. You won't see me murdered in cold blood. Guard, I appeal to you."

"What's the use?" said the guard. "We shall all be smashed to pieces in a minute, if you don't shout."

"Will you challenge?" demanded the Englishman.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I daren't. Let some one else do it. I'll give anyone five dollars to do it."

"Make it ten," said the guard, "and I'm on. A chap can only die once."

"All right, give it him, give it him. There are ten dos in my pocket-book."

The Englishman took a pocket-book from the bagman's coat, removed some dirty Standard Bank notes, and handed them to the guard.

Then the prisoner was released. By this time the approaching wagon could be dimly discerned through the darkness, some sixty yards off. As it drew near, the guard made his way to the front of the wagon, and, when it was a few yards from us, shouted "Hi."

"Hullo!" came the reply.

"Is that you, Jim?" asked the guard.

"Yes, old pal. How are you getting on?"

"First-rate. Just earned the cheapest tanner I ever got."

The other wagon rolled on, passed us, and was lost in the obscurity behind.

"That was our down wagon," said the guard to the Englishman. "I knew we ought to pass it about here."

Blown From the Guns.

BY T. CASSELL.

IT was during a brief sojourn in Bombay (writes a correspondent) that I witnessed the fearful sight of blowing men away from the guns.

The mutinies then existing in the upper provinces of India spread, until they reached the city of Bombay, tainting the fidelity of the 10th and 11th Infantry regiments, and the native marine battalion.

Many men of both these regiments were captured at a little house near the esplanade, where they were planning to rise on the night of the 15th of October, during the native festival of "The Dewalies," and murder every man, woman and child in the city. Two of these monsters were condemned and sentenced to be blown from the cannon's mouth.

I was told that a Sepoy of the 10th Regiment called privately on the Commissioner of Police, and, after giving the details of the plot in course of maturity, offered to provide positive proof if the authorities would engage a room adjoining that in which the conspirators were to hold their last meeting previous to operations. The Commissioner invited me to accompany him upon this critical mission. In a dingy native house, in one of the lowest parts of Bombay, imagine some fifty natives, with a Satanic look of murderous satisfaction in their deep black eyes, crowded on the dirty floor of a dark room. A death-like silence ensued, as each one turned to a non-commissioned officer, who laid before him the full and mature plan.

"Hist!" said the officer to me; "lie down—don't breathe—look through this hole! See their hands in each other's! They are taking the most fearful oath known to the Hindoostanee!"

The bright eye of the Commissioner peering through that little chink in the dirty plaster had providentially seen, heard, and found out the scheme.

"Up—up, quickly!" he said to me, and, both flying like lightning, we jumped into a buggy, and rode to the headquarters of the Governor, Lord Elphinstone. The officer translated to his Excellency the plan he had, as follows:

The native soldiery were to disperse in small bodies in different directions and fire the fort, murder all the Europeans and take possession of the treasury and arsenal. The "loudmashes," or vagabonds, were to be rewarded by having the outside bungalows of the English families at Malabar Hill, and they would find lots of women and children to enslave or massacre.

In less time than it takes me to write this, a mounted troop of armed men flew across the esplanade, and with a fearful crash burst open the doors, pinioned the inmates, all of whom were in one hour prisoners in the cells of Fort St. George. So quietly was this accomplished that the public knew nothing of it until the morning of the execution.

The afternoon of the day, I shall not soon forget. I was taking "tiffin" or lunch, in company with Lieutenant Temm, of the H. E. I. C. service, chatting upon the probabilities of a good or bad house at the theatre that night, when he said:

"I fear, M., the chances are rather slim to-night; for the fact is, it's my impression we shall all be in another world by to-morrow morning."

I asked him what he meant. He replied, "The Commander-in-Chief has just sent word from Poonah to the colonel here that the sentence is to be carried into effect upon the two ringleaders this afternoon, and at five they are to be blown away. I fear the natives will arise *en masse* and murder us all."

He asked me at the same time if I had a "Colt." I replied that I never carried any fire-arms in all my travels, and did not know how to load a pistol.

"Well," said he, "I've got a six-barrelled one. You go on the esplanade with me, and if the worst comes to the worst, we'll die together."

With these cheerful reflections, and giving up all idea of going to the theatre that night, we started for the scene of death.

I was standing on the esplanade with my friend, and the dreaded hour of five was fast approaching. Out of every gateway from the fort natives and Europeans were thronging to the military parade ground, while from the native town, alley, street, and lane disgorged their thousands. Every nation under the sun had a representative there to witness the appalling spectacle so soon to occur. At half past four the troops moved to the ground.

Of the English soldiery there were only 300 of H. M.'s 95th Regiment, just arrived from the Cape, and 200 seamen, American and English, all hastily landed from the ships in the harbor, armed with musket and bayonet. The English force in the city only numbered 500, against which were some 6,000.

The parade formed three sides of a square. The base was occupied by the artillery at the centre; the right and left sides were composed of the 10th and 11th Sepoy Regiments, to which the prisoners belonged. Facing the Sepoys were placed three guns, behind which the artillerymen stood with lighted matches, ready to meet with deadly ball the first movement towards revolt.

Between the six cannons, three pointing obliquely on either side, were placed at right angles to the base of the square the two guns assigned for the awful vengeance or justice of the hour.

I was permitted to take my position within six feet of the right-hand gun, and what I witnessed will ever live in my memory.

There seemed to be no outward excitement, such as attends ordinary public executions; no swaying to and fro of the multitude; and it seemed that in that vast assemblage of 100,000 souls a mere whisper would have broken the stillness.

The English officers rode along the lines silent and severe. The champ of their horses' bits, the clank of their sabers, seemed loud and troublesome as they jarred on the all-pervading quiet.

At five o'clock the brigadier rode in front of the death guns, and the silence was only interrupted when a voice, audible to the most distant of the listening multitude, read in tones clear, solemn, and firm the sentence of the Court Martial.

The two men were next ordered to divest themselves of their regimental jackets. They were then marched between files of the European guard, each to a cannon's mouth, and there bound tightly with ropes. One culprit, Drill Havildar, appeared composed, gazing imploringly upon the regiment to which he had belonged, expecting that it might rush to his rescue.

"Oh! Sahibl Sahibl—Captain—dear—dear—Captain—pardon!" cried the other.

They stood before him motionless.

When the two men were being bound, not a syllable was uttered by the assembled crowd. When the final orders had been given, the handcuffs and uniform jackets removed, and the guards were lashing them with their backs to the cannon, it was fearful to notice the wild despair in the faces of the doomed men.

Then Captain Bolton, of the Royal Artillery, called out:

"Let all retire from the guns except the men with the port fires! At the word 'Fire,' apply the match!"

When the word "Ready" was given by Captain Bolton, the gunners in a moment lighted their matches. The prisoners and artillerymen stood immovable as statues.

The awful word "Fire" rang out clear as a clarion note. The hammers descended on the caps; the smoke rolled upward in sudden and then sluggish clouds; the cannons spoke as in tones of thunder, and the air revealed, by many a ghastly witness, that retribution had been terribly visited upon those who had designed to dabble in the blood of massacre.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Dog markets are said to be by a correspondent one of the most curious sights of Paris. The animals offered for sale are almost invariably mongrels, any dog of good blood being taken by the regular dog venders. The sellers ask fabulous prices for their curs, but are willing to make a reduction. They begin by demanding from $20 to $12 for each animal, and usually end by accepting the merest trifle. A policeman presides over all the operations of the marts.

The Rothschilds believe in enjoying their wealth, and like to have nice things about them. One of the Frankfort barons not long ago paid $160,000 for a silver cup, which he wished to use as a centre piece of a table service which he was making up, and one of the Vienna barons has a stable which cost him $80,000. This stable has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, and its walls are frescoed with scenes done by well known painters. The rings, chains and fittings of the stable are silver, and one box-stall for a favorite horse cost, it is said, $12,000. The income of the owner of this stable is about $5,000 a day.

Well, we've found a use for the trade dollar at last, says a jeweler's paper. What is it? Why, as a picture frame. No, it isn't as expensive as you imagine, for the reason that it takes only one to do it. Let me clear up the mystery. Here you see is one of the long neglected trade dollars. Brightly polished as it is, it doesn't make a bad looking coin. Now, I just press this little spring, so, and the centre of the reverse side of the piece flies open and shows you a handsome little glass protected hollow, in which you place the photograph of your very best girl. We can only use trade dollars, however, as the law distinctly forbids the mutilation of the currency for any purpose whatever. Trade dollars not being a legal tender thus slip out of the law's protection and fall into our hands.

A despatch from Beaver, Pa., tells of the death at the County Home of a man who, though 55 years of age, never walked a step or knew what it was to stand, sit, lie, or in fact occupy any position or attitude familiar to the human body. The man was John Murphy, a being so utterly deformed as to be repulsive to look upon, and yet he ate, drank and seemed to enjoy life. His body was so badly drawn out of all human semblance that a special chair had to be procured for him. Mr. Murphy has been pronounced by men and by physicians who saw and examined him the worst deformed man probably in the world, and certainly of whom there is any record. The only apparently perfect portion of the man was his brains. He had a wonderfully retentive memory and was able to remember a face and name, though seen and heard but once and only for a few minutes, for fifteen years.

Another curious feature in Chinese life is reported in the native press. A deformity having been found by a good-looking hunchbacked girl in procuring a husband, the go between discovered that an identical difficulty prevented a certain hunchbacked young man from getting a wife. She accordingly arranged a match, but as each party was of very eligible quality in other respects, each of the respective parents insisted upon obtaining a surreptitious view of the amorous one on either side. The go-between accordingly arranged that the girl should be interviewed as she sat at her spinning-wheel with her hump deftly inserted in a hole in the mud wall, while the man was introduced as he was conducting home a water buffalo and leaning over its neck with his rain coat negligently thrown over his back. The marriage took place, and it then became too late for tergiversation, as it had been indorsed by law.

"They elect strange mayors in Corsica," remarks an exchange. "Antonio Fratini, who was sentenced recently at Bastia to five years' imprisonment for an attempted murder, was a bandit as well as a mayor. He had been elected to wear the tricolor sash and to preside over the municipality of Ciamannacce, but he made matters so unpleasant for his colleagues of the municipal council, that they clubbed together and paid him $200 to go about his business. Unluckily for themselves, the municipal councillors showed their exultation at their bargain in too demonstrative a manner, and they thereby incurred the wrath of the bandit-mayor. They had the village bell tolled as for a funeral, and carried Fratini's effigy in mock pomp to a grave. Fratini returned the next day to the town hall and fired at his colleagues, one of whom received a bullet in the back. The gendarmes having come out, the ex-mayor took to his heels and made for the Maquis, where he has been lying as an outlaw for eighteen months. He was only captured after a determined resistance."

Live People

Get on in the world; they look out for the good chances; they go in and win. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, need live people everywhere to work for them. $1 per hour and upwards easily made; many make more than double that. Either sex, all ages. You can do the work and live at home. No special ability required, all can do it. Write and see. All will be put before you free; then if you conclude not to go to work, all right. Capital not required. Stinson & Co. start you.

GAIN AND LOSS.—Every one who suffers himself to be so carried away by the love of gain, or the pursuit of fame, or the desire for pleasure, or any other single object, as to neglect the plain and regular duties which fall to his lot or the rightful claims which family and friends make upon him sacrifices by so much his personal character, his social value, and his permanent happiness. No amount of business enterprise or success can make up for a neglected family; no amount of social esteem and popularity can atone for a reckless use of money; no amount of self-indulgent pleasure can compensate for broken health or a disturbed conscience. Each quality, sooner or later, visibly or in secret, brings out its just result. The grain of weakness brings ruin to the mass of strength; the drop of folly spills the cup of wisdom. M. S.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.—"Oh, woman, woman!" shrieked an orator in a speech the other night, "thou art the light, the life, the salvation of the world! I shudder when I think of what this world would be without thy gentle, refining, ennobling influence. I bow at thy shrine, acknowledging thy purity and truth! There is nothing so beautiful, so glorious, so true, so perfect as a woman! I reverence and bow down before them!"

And when he went home he said to the woman who was so unfortunate as to be his wife:

"What you let the fire get so low for? You knew I'd come home half froze. You're just like the rest of the women: you haven't a thought beyond your nose. Stir around and get me a cup of hot tea, can't you? See if you can do that much for a fellow. I'd just like to know what you women think you're good for, anyhow!"

ALL WANTED TO GO.—A certain fashionable young man has acquired considerable fame as a musical bore on the violin. One night at a social gathering he announced that he was going to send for a violin and draw a few of Beethoven's immortal symphonies out of it by the bull, as it were. To his amazement all the gentlemen present volunteered to go for the fiddle, and up to date none of them have got back with it. For dispersing a crowd no implement of war has been invented to rival the fiddle.

A MAN'S life is half over before he learns how to live.

The Funeral Month of March.

An observant metropolitan barber says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of the hair.

The Bible tells us that with his hair gone Samson lost his strength. The Romans considered baldness a serious affliction and Julius Cæsar was never quite satisfied with himself because his poll was bare.

The face, however, is the open book and one can readily trace in its various expressions, lines, changes and complexion the state of the system.

The eye that is unusually bright and yet has a pallid brightness, the face upon whose cheeks nature paints a rose of singular beauty and flush, more marked in contrast with the alabaster appearance of the forehead and nose and lower part of the face, is one of those whom the skilled physician will tell you will some day dread the funeral month of March, because it is then that consumption reaps its richest harvest. Consumption they tell us is caused by this, that and the other thing, by microbes in the air, by micro-organisms in the blood, by deficient nutrition, by a thousand and one things, but whatever the cause, decay begins with a cough and the remedy that will effectually stop the cause of that cough cures the disease of the lungs.

That is all there is of it.

The cough is an evidence of a wasting. To stop it effectually, a remedy must be used that will search out the cause, remove that and then heal the lung and do away with the cough.

This is the power, special to itself, possessed alone by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy. This is no new-fangled notion of narcotics and poisons, but an old-fashioned preparation of balsams, roots and herbs, such as was used by our ancestors many years ago, the formula of which has been secured exclusively by the present manufacturers at great trouble and expense. It is not a mere cold dryer. It is a system-searcher and upbuilder and a consumption expellant. Where others fail, it wins, because it gets at the constitutional cause and removes it from the system.

J. W. Heasaw of Greensboro, Pa., on Jan. 15, 1888, reported that "he had derived more real benefit for the length of time, from Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy than he had for years from the best state physicians."

If you have a cough, night sweats, "positive assurance in your own mind that you, oh—you, have no consumption," and yet lose flesh, appetite, courage, as your lungs waste away, you may know that soon the funereal month of March will claim you, unless promptly and faithfully you use the article named.

If other remedies have failed try this one thoroughly. If others are offered instead the more so in trying this unequaled preparation.

Some persons are prone to consumption and they should never allow the disease to become seated.

Our Young Folks.

HIS "RIGHT OF WAY."

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

"THEN you really know of no objection at all to the place?" said Mr. Tintern to the house agent at Briggenas, on whom he had called to make further inquiries about a farm, lying up among the Fells in a rather isolated situation, which he was thinking of renting for some years.

"None whatever, sir," the agent replied. "Of course it is not everybody who would fancy it. It is perhaps a little lonely, and bracing hardly expresses the quality of the air in at all cold weather," he added with a smile.

"Oh, as to that I can judge for myself," Mr. Tintern replied. "We want sharp moor air: it is what is ordered for my son, and we don't come here for society. That we can have part of the year elsewhere."

"Besides, we are a good many of ourselves," added with a smile the lady—his wife—who was with him. "But we both noticed a slight hesitation in the manner of the old woman who showed us the house, especially when I begged her to tell me of any drawbacks or inconveniences which we might perhaps be able to set right."

Mr. Adams, the agent, turned to the ledger in which all the houses on his list were described, and ran his eye down the page.

"No," he said, "I cannot think of any objection. Everything is quite open and straightforward. The owner, old Farmer Jonas, lived in it till his wife's death two years ago, when he began to feel himself too frail to go on farming. He has let the most of the land, and it was his daughter's idea—the married daughter whom he now lives with—to smarten up the place and let it with the shooting. For it is renowned for healthiness, and in summer is pleasantly situated."

"Yes," said Mr. Tintern, "that is exactly what we were told. And after all, the old woman's manner was scarcely to be called 'discouraging,' my dear," he added to his wife. "It was only when you rather pressed her to tell of any objections that she said there was no place without some drawback."

But a girl of fifteen or thereabouts, who with two boys was standing behind her parents, at this came a little forward.

"We were wondering," she said, coloring a little, "Ted and I, I mean, if possibly the house is haunted. It would be so nice."

The agent turned with a look of amusement.

"No," he said, "I fear that is not the case."

"And I don't think it would be nice at all," said Mrs. Tintern. "I am not afraid of ghosts, but I am afraid of nervous fancies. And both you and Ted, Olive, would be the first to agree with me some lonely dark night at the farm, when the wind was howling outside."

Fellbrigge Farm was not haunted, however; that seemed certain. So within a week of the visit to Mr. Adams all the preliminaries were settled, and the Tintern family, one pleasant October day, found themselves comfortably installed there.

It was a roomy old house, far larger than was required for the Tinterns themselves, for besides Olive and Ted there was only Basil their brother of nineteen, who had been overworking himself at his studies, and much to his regret had been ordered some months of what he called "utter idleness," and bracing moorland air. But the size of the house was no drawback in the opinion of its new masters.

There was always someone to invite down for a few days—often for the shooting, though it was not very extensive, or girl companions of Olive's, or old friends of her father's and mother's themselves.

The weather was bright and dry that year; altogether the new country house turned out such a success that as December drew near it was put to the vote and carried that they should spend Christmas and New Year time at Fellbrigge, filling the house as full as it would hold, on the principle of "the more the merrier."

Then Mrs. Tintern and Olive set to work to send invitations to such friends as they hoped might be able to accept them, undeterred by the long distance they would in most cases have to travel, or by the life of patriarchal simplicity which the Tinterns half laughingly described themselves as leading.

"If only," said Olive, stopping short in the middle of a letter to some favorite cousins, "if only we could say the house was haunted it would be perfect."

"Well, let's hope it is, after all," said Basil. "We can't be sure, you know, till we've been a year in it. And, by-the-bye, you've never found out, have you, what old Mrs. Perkins meant when she was so mysterious in speaking as she did about 'every place having its drawbacks?'"

"No," said his mother; "we have never got her to explain herself, though she is here helping the servants nearly every day, and she is a nice sensible old body."

"If she is rather queer, dearest," said Olive, "when I said something to her yesterday about our meaning to stay here for Christmas she seemed rather sorry, and murmured that it was very lonesome-like about then, and that we mustn't 'fall out' with Master Jonas if we didn't like it."

"She is devoted to the Jonases," said Mrs. Tintern; "they have always been so good to her, she says; and the old farmer himself is a sort of foster-brother of hers, it appears. All the same I should like to find out what it is she has got on her mind."

"So should I," Olive agreed.

But they forgot about it again, and in this case it was no wonder, as before they knew where they were they were in all the pleasant bustle and excitement of preparing for and receiving their expected guests.

Everybody accepted, and everybody came. Never, certainly, had Fellbrigge seen such a merry assemblage. The house was crammed, and yet it did not seem uncomfortably full, for the passages and stairs were wide, and the rooms, though several were small, had thick walls and deep-set windows that gave one a pleasant feeling of space. And the short winter days and long winter evenings passed delightfully, "only too quickly," everybody agreed.

Christmas Eve was Olive's birthday. It was to be celebrated by a larger party than usual even, at dinner, for the few neighbors within halt of Fellbrigge had been invited to join the guests in the house. They were all seated round the table, and Mr. Bryant the clergyman had said grace, when a strange thing happened. It began by a sharp imperious knock at the front door. The dining-room was a long low room, opening at one end directly on to the little square hall, and at the other on to a passage. Just across this passage was the drawing-room, and one of the drawing-room windows was nearly a glass door opening on the garden at the back, so that to cross the house in a straight line from the front door to the outside again one would have had to pass through both dining and drawing-rooms, and out by the glass door, which once upon a time had been the back entrance, in days gone by, when the present drawing-room was in fact the large front kitchen.

But though the dining-room was so near the front door the first rat-tat-tat passed unperceived, amidst the clatter of dishes and the voices of the guests.

"You have never, I hope," began Mr. Bryant to his hostess, "you have never had any annoyance from old Jubal the miller? I have always forgotten to ask you."

Mrs. Tintern looked up in surprise.

"Old Jubal," she repeated; "I never heard of him. What sort of annoyance could he cause us, and who is he?"

Mr. Bryant smiled.

"He is, to say the least," he replied, "a character. But I am very glad you have never——"

He stopped abruptly. The knocking at the front door had been repeated, and so loudly this time that there could be no mistake about it.

"What can that be?" said Mr. Tintern, turning to the man-servant nearest him. "Some one at the door. It is a queer time to come. One of you go and see who it is."

Off set Thomas—he went round by the back passage, so it took him a minute or two to get to the front—in the meantime the knocking went on, almost continuously and ever increasing in violence. Everyone stopped talking to listen, some of the ladies grew pale, and whispers of "telegram," "fire," "surely not burglars!" went round the table. And Mr. Bryant half murmured to himself, "Upon my word, I shouldn't wonder if——"

But again the sentence was left unfinished. The door of the room—the door leading from the front hall, that is to say—flew open, and in rushed Thomas Thomas with a very red face, and evidently in a furious temper.

"If you please, sir," he said wildly, as if dressing the company to go mad, "it ain't my fault. He's quite drunk—that's what he is. Come on, Samuels and Turner," calling to the other men, "let's have at him."

But before Samuels and Turner could respond a stout go figure made its appearance behind poor Thomas. It was that of a stout burly man, dressed in fustian, tidy enough, except for a powdering of white all over him.

He had a low hat on, which he made no attempt to remove, and on his back he carried a large sack, which revealed the source of the white powdering.

It was a sack of flour, and a leaking one apparently, for flour was dropping from one corner as he moved. On he came, coolly across the room, towards where the lady of the house sat at the head of the table, with stubborn defiance in his hard wrinkled face.

Mrs. Tintern could not repress a slight scream. Up jumped her husband and the other men.

"What's the meaning of this?" shouted Mr. Tintern, as the miller, for such he plainly was, stalked on, covering the floor and the table with the contents of his sack. "Are you mad, fellow?"

Then the man looked up.

"Na madder nor you yoursel," he growled. "'Tis my road, and I daur ye stop me. I claim feet o' way through Fellbrigge Farm."

Mr. Bryant turned to him.

"Jubal, I'm ashamed of you, downright ashamed to own you as a parishioner," he said. "This is your mean revenge again on Farmer Jonas. Well, I hope you feel proud of it."

Then he turned to the astonished company.

"You must let him pass," he said to Mr. Tintern. "Legally there is no stopping him. I don't know if you can pull him up for spilling your property by throwing his flour over it, but we'll see. I advise you to let him pass, and upon my word I'm ashamed of him."

Jubal strode on, right down one side of the long table.

He tried to make all the noise he could, and to scatter all the flour possible. But I think he felt rather small, especially when Basil, with a satirical bow, flung open the door to him, calling out—

"So distressed to inconvenience you, Mr. Jubal."

On he went, through the pretty drawing-room, with his trail behind him. But when he got to the glass door he stood still.

He had a right of way, certainly, but he had no right to order Mr. Tintern's servants about, and if he had put down his sack to open the door it would have kept him some moments more in full sight of the company.

And to tell the truth he was now anxious enough to get off. He turned for an instant, and there was a queer look in his small crabbed eyes, plainly to be seen by several of the party who had crowded round the drawing-room door. Among these Olive was one of the foremost.

"I believe he's ashamed. I think I'm sorry for him. It's all his nasty bad temper," she whispered to her friend Felicia. Then she darted forward and unfastened the glass door.

"Good-night, Mr. Jubal," she said. "I'm sure you'll be sorry for annoying us when you think it over. And you've wasted a lot of flour!"

The old man glared at her for a moment. Then his face softened.

"I thank'ee, miss," he muttered, and then he disappeared into the darkness outside, where, as he stopped for a moment to readjust the sack and wipe his face, he said, though no one was there to hear, "'Twere a scurvy trick after all. And happen 'twill do Jonas no ill."

Then Mr. Bryant, while the servants were setting things straight in the dining-room, explained the whole.

It was an old story—the right of way across Fellbrigge, but it was only of late years, since Mr. Jonas had enlarged and improved the house, that it had lain right through it. Before then it had skirted along one side.

The right had been kept open by one or two neighbors, to whom it was a short cut, occasionally passing, but after the house was changed, out of civility and good nature it would have been dropped by all, but for Jubal the miller.

He had quarrelled with the Jonases, through their having once complained of his ill-usage with drawn hour custom, and out of pure ill nature he had vowed to make them repent it.

Year after year, about Christmas time, he had made a point of tramping through the house, just as the end of the year approached, and the Jonases were beginning to hope he had forgotten. For a night or two it was not to be good, even a whole twelve-month express without its being used. And when Mr. Jonas had let the house everyone hoped Jubal would give up his foolish spite, especially as it was well known that the rent of Fellbrigge was of importance to the old farmer and that any annoyance to his tenants might result injuriously to himself.

"But we've all been mistaken, I see," said Mr. Bryant, "and Jubal's as bad as ever."

"It isn't such a very great annoyance," said kind Mrs. Tintern. "If it only happens once a year I don't think we need worry poor Mr. Jonas about it."

"He is sure to hear of it," said her husband; "even if we ourselves did not speak of it the people about——"

"Oh, mamma," interrupted Olive, "it's what Mrs. Perkins meant! Jubal is the ghost!"

"A very substantial one," said Mr. Tintern, and then Olive explained to their friends all about the old woman's queer mysterious manner.

The rest of the evening went on peacefully, but Mr. Bryant was rather grave. "I'll have a go at that old fellow. I'm ashamed of him!" he said to his wife that night.

A day or two passed. Then one morning, as they were finishing breakfast, Mr. Tintern was told that some one wanted to speak to him. He came back to the dining-room smiling.

"Old Jubal's come to make up," he said. "Bryant has been at him and made him ashamed of himself, and he's begging us not to tell Mr. Jonas. But what he owns but the most effect on him was what Olive said—'a soft answer,' you see. He said he'd 'take it right down kindly if the young lady'nd forgive and forget, and she had spoke true, one had. He were right down sorry ower't he'd done it.' And on New Year's Day next he's coming to wish every one a happy New Year—Olive first and foremost."

HER INTENTION.—It is pleasant to turn, from time to time, to stories showing the influence of woman upon art, through the medium of a happy married life.

On the façade of the painter Quentin Massys in the Cathedral of Antwerp are inscribed, in letters of gold, the words, "Quentin Massys made himself an Apelles."

This man, known as the "blacksmith" of Antwerp, was born in poverty in 1466, and for a long time supported himself and his mother by working as a locksmith. He fell in love, however, with the daughter of a painter at Antwerp, and although the young lady returned his affection, she was sure that it was impossible for them to marry. Her father had always declared that no one but an artist should possess his daughter, and was probably with some prophetic recognition of the natural powers of Matsys, added that his suit must be hopeless unless he could transform himself from a blacksmith into an artist.

The young man immediately began to devote himself to ornamental iron work, and produced such delicate and artistic specimens of decoration that his name became known to lovers of art. He next made a series of exquisitely modelled images for distribution among the people taking part in a certain church festival, and these were so much admired that they materially increased his fame. All this, however, was not enough for the ambitious painter; Quentin was only a worker in iron, after all.

The "blacksmith of Antwerp" did not despair. Although he was in delicate health, he shut himself up and diligently studied the art of painting, and as soon as he had produced a work which seemed to approach worthiness of display, he carried it to the father of the young lady who had thus fired his ambition. The father was delighted with the picture, and at once gave his consent to the marriage.

Many of Quentin's productions in iron and upon canvas are now carefully preserved in the art collections of Europe, and thus bear constant testimony to the influence of a deep and true affection.

THE SPECTACLES.

BY D. K.

"IF it weren't for the bad water, our fellows would do well enough here," said Captain Adolphe Lachaud, as we sat together under the friendly shade of a cluster of palm-trees just outside the little white fort of Biskra, with the grey unending level of the Sahara Desert stretching dim and lifeless all around us. "But as it is there's hardly a man in the garrison who hasn't got the 'Biskra sores' round his eyes, and some are so bad as to be invalided outright."

"It's a pity," observed I, "that you can't provide them with spectacles like those in the advertisement, 'warranted to prevent all diseases of the eyes, and cure any which may have been already contracted.'"

"Well," said the captain, laughing, "I remember a man, not far from my native town, who credited ordinary spectacles with much more wonderful powers than those."

"How was that?" asked I, guessing by the twinkle in Lachaud's keen black eyes that something good was coming.

"Well, you see, there was a fair one day at Guingamp—you remember the old three-cornered market-place there, with the queer fountain in the middle? Old Pierre Roquard, the optician (who told me the story himself,) was standing in the doorway of his shop at the corner, watching the carts and people crowding in, when up came a big fellow of the regular type, with the usual blue blouse and wooden sabots, and a short pipe in his mouth.

"'Show me some pairs of spectacles,' said he.

"Pierre brought him out several. The man put one on, and asked for a newspaper, to try how the glasses worked. 'No good!' He tried three or four more pairs, but it was just the same story with them.

"Roquard began to think him rather hard to please, but he brought out a fresh lot, until this fastidious customer had tried all the best glasses in the shop; but still, as sure as he bent down over the newspaper he shook his head as if he could make nothing of it, and Pierre began to get quite out of patience.

"All at once a fearful thought struck the optician, and he turned upon the man with a face like a thousand thunders.

"'Hark ye, fellow,' cried he sternly; 'have you ever learned to read?'

"'No, of course not!' answered the peasant indignantly. 'If I had, what think you would be the good of buying spectacles to teach me?'"

THE HOUR OF THE CORAL.—Corals are of many colors, the most beautiful of which is the red coral. This grows on the rocks that lie in the bottom of the sea, in little groves of trees, each stalk of which looks like a red leafless shrub, bearing small star-like flowers. The largest coral reefs are found in the warm waters of the Pacific Ocean, although some varieties of corals grow in all oceans. The coral employed in jewelry comes mostly from the Mediterranean and Red seas; the dark red is brought from the African coast of the Mediterranean, and also from the Red sea; the pink from the coast of Italy, the yellow from the coast of Sardinia, and the black from the Red sea. The principal coral fisheries are situated along the coast of Sicily, at the mouth of the Adriatic sea, in the strait between Sardinia and Corsica, and off the coast of Algeria.

JUDGE NOT.—You have heard of him, of course, Judge Not. Sanctimonious people mention his name with eyes raised upward; yet they rarely obey the injunction conveyed. "Judge Not," says one who would pass for a model of charity towards his fellows; still he does it, all the same. Many people entertain the highest respect for Judge Not, but they are liable to forget all about him when there is any judging to be done. They preside over the trial of a man or a woman's reputation as though Judge Not had never been heard of.

"IT is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.

OLD DAYS.

BY WM. W. LONG.

There's a song from the Stream of Tears,
That plays on the summer air;
It glides along through the Valley of Tears,
That once was so bright and fair.

It comes from the land where roses bloom,
In the hush of evening hours;
It pauses to sing on a grass-grown tomb,
And floats in sun-kissed bowers.

It glides along o'er rippling streams,
With a face divinely fair;
As pure and sweet as a poet's dream,
Holding no shade of care.

Soft eyes of blue, and eyes of brown,
And ringlets of gold are there;
A brow all smiles, a brow all frown,
And the incense of a prayer.

A sob of pain in a tender song,
That died on the summer air;
A lonely heart in a merry throng,
And a shadowed life laid bare.

I heard that song in my fair dead years,
As it sang its musical lays;
But the Past hath shrouded it deep in tears,
And I call it now "Old Days."

CAKES AND SENTIMENT.

The wedding cake is a subject that never seems to pall. It is of very ancient origin: brides of old offered cakes to Diana, and the Confarreatio—the most ancient and solemn marriage ceremony of the Romans—was so called because the cake (*far*) was carried before the bride.

In England, they came to the present perfection of wedding-cakes by degrees. Cakes and buns superseded hard, dry biscuits, and were made of spice, currants, milk, sugar, and eggs, in Elizabeth's time; when some were thrown over the bride's head or put through her ring, and eaten for luck to inspire prophetic dreams; like the dumb-cake or dreaming-cake of a later time.

This cake was divided into three; some was eaten by the young maidens, and some placed beneath their pillows, or in the foot of the left stocking, and thrown over the left shoulder while retiring to bed before twelve, the maidens walking backwards the while, in order that they might see their future husbands in their dreams.

Very curious customs appertain to bride-cake all the world over. In Yorkshire, a plateful is thrown from an upper window to be scrambled for; in Liburnia, the bride throws a hard cake of coarse flour over the bridegroom's house, and the higher she throws it the happier she will be.

In Georgia and Circassia, the bride kicks over a plate of dough set for her, and scatters it all over the room; and an old custom was to raise a cake on a high pole, and the young man who first reached it was allowed to receive the bride and bridegroom on their arrival at their own home.

From gay to grave. In the North of Ireland, a packet of flat sponge cakes, like saucers, with grated sugar on the top, often accompanies the invitation to a funeral, or the cakes are eaten on returning from the church, or are sent with the subsequent hat-bands and gloves.

The use of cakes in old days was common at religious festivals. Egyptians, Babylonians, Samians, Greeks, and Romans, all had sacred bread and cakes. In England, there are St. Michael's bannocks for Michaelmas, and the carvis or seed-cake for All-hallows Eve. These used to be called Soul cakes, and were sent about to friends.

Very probably the plan originated in a country custom of sending wheat-cakes when wheat-sowing was over; these, plentifully besprinkled with carraways, were among the ploughman's requisites; and Allhallows Eve fell at the same season. In old days, these Soul cakes were laid on the table in a heap—like the shewbread.

Twelfth Night cake was, as far back as 1620, made of flour, ginger, honey, and pepper, one for every family; portions were set apart and given away in alms. The baker thrust in a small coin at random when kneading it, or a bean, and a pea, and those who found them were constituted king and queen for the evening—a custom borrowed from the French. As time went this has been enlarged upon; but the white sugared cake still survives.

Pancakes are of very ancient origin, and were an offering by the pagan Saxons to the sun. Shrove Tuesday really means confession Tuesday—the day immediately before Ash Wednesday—when everybody was expected to obtain absolution, and, to remind them, a great bell was rung in every parish. This in time came to be called pancake bell, as it was the signal for the cook to put the pancake on the fire.

Old writers describe them as made of wheaten flour, water, eggs, and spice, placed in a frying-pan with boiling suet. In some places the youths and maidens used to flit from house to house collecting the requisites to make them.

There is a superstition that some of the white of the egg should be put into a glass of pure water and set near the window, where, the sun shining on it, it will foretell the future, for the white of egg floats about and takes some form—say a ship or a tent, foretelling a sailor's or a soldier's career, for example.

Hot cross buns, like most cakes eaten at religious seasons, were a sort of stay to the appetite till more substantial fare could be obtained. By some they are considered symbolic of the bread broken by our Lord Himself at the Last Supper, and of His death on Calvary.

To break a Good Friday bun has always been considered a pledge of friendship, and a surety against disagreement, the act being accompanied by the words:

"Half for you and half for me,
Between us two goodwill shall be."

Hot cross buns were supposed to be endued with some peculiar sanctity, and were kept through the year for good luck, as a charm against fire, and a remedy for certain diseases.

For man, death has a significance unknown in all the inferior regions of the Creation. The creatures play under its shadow; man alone shrinks and shudders. Death is an unknown factor in the careless life of the Creation; it is a ruling factor, perhaps the ruling factor in the natural life of man. There is little need to hand the skeleton round at our banquets: it haunts the secret chamber of every heart. It closes every vista; it rounds every pleasure; it casts a chilling shadow over life's sunniest passages; it lends a passionate sadness to passionate love. All the philosophies have spent their strength in trying to rob it of its terror, and to banish it to the background; in vain, it evades them, and plants itself in the foreground of every life.

Grains of Gold.

To be proud and inaccessible is to be timid and weak.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents our being so.

We are only vulnerable and ridiculous through our pretensions.

The higher the rank the less pretence, because there is less to pretend to.

Better to expose ourself to ingratitude than fail in assisting the unfortunate.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so a change of studies a dull brain.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.

What is deient? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

The disposition to give a cup of water to a thirsty is a far nobler property than the finest intellect.

If we did some little act of kindness every day what a beautiful record our years would present.

We do not live only for the verdict of the world; we live for the approval of our own consciences.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.

Love is a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.

Deceit is the false road to happiness; and all the joys we travel through to vice, like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.

All deception in the course of life is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

Perhaps the summary of good-breeding may be reduced to this rule: "Behave unto all men as you would they should behave unto you."

Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe at first sight and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and reason and consider.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.

Femininities.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.

Cupid is always shooting and forever making Mrs.

A Maryland father can "bind out" his son; a Maryland mother can not.

Good thoughts are no better than good dreams unless they are executed.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.

Put a little common salt into your lamps—the oil will burn more brightly and last longer.

A splendid cosmetic is the meal of common almonds rubbed into the skin. It is also a preventive of wrinkles.

Joan of Arc had luxuriant yellow hair, but the best authorities agree in the belief that she didn't run in debt for it.

Mrs. Senator Cameron has just scored a triumph in Washington—she made 46 calls in one afternoon, which beats all former records.

Passenger on street car, alarmed: "Madam, do you feel a fit coming on?" Madam, haughtily: "No, sir! I'm trying to find my pocket."

A girl of the period in New York has lost the sight of both eyes by the use of a preparation she put on the lashes to enhance their beauty.

Mrs. Dr. Smith has contributed $12 000 for the purpose of constructing a "play house" for the use of the children of Newark, N. J., who have no place but the streets to play in.

The assertion is made that there are at least one hundred successful female "drummers" on the road, mainly representing firms in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville.

A current magazine has an article entitled, "Are Women Companionable to Men?" It's author will probably complete the series with an essay on, "Does Death Prove Fatal?"

Madam, to dubious foreign count: "Shall I present you to my husband, Count?" Count, consulting his pocket dictionary: "Present. H-m, to gif away. Ah! No, my dear madame; I no vant to gif avay."

The lesser evil. Omaha wife: "Nearly time to clean house again." Husband: "My gracious! Let it go this year, can't you?" "Impossible." "Well, I'll tell you how to fix it. Don't clean house; we'll move."

Polite(?) parties. Miss Horkesforde: "We never think of going to the Hardcastles' parties, though they always invite us." Miss Hicomur: "I've heard, love, that that's the reason they give for always thinking of inviting you."

A young man in a car was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman on the seat with him. "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

"Mamma," said a young lady, "is it proper that Clarence should kiss me before we are married?" "Certainly, you are engaged to him; and besides, if you care to have him kiss you, my daughter, you had better let him do it now."

Reading the advertisements of a large daily paper is often very entertaining. Here is one of the items: "Found, a lace mitten, embroidered with pearls. The person who lost it will greatly oblige the finder by leaving its companion at the office of this paper."

"Just think, darling, a week ago we were utter strangers, and now we are engaged!" "Ah! yes, Mr. De Hobson, my precious own, it was a case of love at first sight." "Why don't you call me by my first name, darling?" "Because, precious, I don't know what it is."

"I have never given you credit for knowing very much, madam," said a blunt old bachelor; "but——" "Sir," she interrupted, "do you mean to insult——" "But," he continued, "I have always admired your grace and beauty." "I accept your apology," said the lady.

Young housekeeper, to butcher: "What is the price of mutton?" Butcher: "Fourteen cents, mum." Young housekeeper: "And lamb?" Butcher: "Eighteen cents, mum." Y. H., surprised: "Is it possible! Why, a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton!"

Miss Longley, who had just married Mr. Short, was the subject of conversation at the tea-table, and Mrs. Gilb expressed wonder that a little man like Mr. Short could have married a great overgrown woman like Miss Longley, when little Effie looked up and very demurely remarked, "I dess she kidnapped him."

A certain man in Oglethorpe county, Ga., who works at the trade of blacksmithing, never being blessed with a son to help him in his shop, has a daughter who well supplies the deficiency. She wields the sledge with a grace and power that would put many members of the sterner sex to shame, and withal is described as a most attractive young woman.

Photographer, to sitter: "I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Smith." Sitter: "Oh, did you?" Photographer: "Yes, and also your friend, Miss Brown—if you could raise your chin a trifle, thanks—and what an atrocious looking hat she had on. (Short pause.) There, Miss Smith, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression."

"Miss Clara," he said, "can I speak to your father a moment before I go?" "Certainly, Mr. Sampson," replied the girl, blushing, and with a wildly throbbing heart she sought the old man. "Oh, papa," she began later, as the front door closed, "what did Mr. Sampson want?" "I'm his landlord, you know. I let him his bachelor apartments, and he wants another 3 years' lease."

According to a correspondent of a London paper, an innovation in dancing parties has lately been made in Paris. It consists in arranging ladies who take part in cotillions according to the colors of their dresses. Harmonious tints are thus evolved, and unexpected vagaries of color become manifest to the eye of the artist. In a diversified party the effect is often novel and startling. It is said that the fashion comes from Vienna; in any case it is worthy of Paris.

Masculinities.

Whisky lowers the man and raises the devil.

A man named "Toogood" has been arrested in Baltimore for disorderly conduct.

The Japanese have only one swear word, and that is no more expressive than our "by gosh."

It is with a word as with an arrow: the arrow once loosed does not return to the bow; nor a word to the lips.

Pulling weeds is not so unpleasant work, particularly when they grow on a pretty little widow's bonnet.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others because we first deceived ourselves.

As riches and favor forsake a man we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

"Most people," said Sydney Smith, "are willing to play the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and the twopence."

He who tells a lie is not sensible of how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

A hundred times more trouble is caused by men who can get work but won't work, than by the men who want work but can not get it.

An English art journal has offered a prize to any one who will discover the cause of baldness. We know, but we darsen't tell.

"What is your idea of a true gentleman, Jack?" "A true gentleman always laughs at the joke of a story and never says he heard it before."

Flimsey—"I don't know how it is, but the smallest specimens of men invariably get the best wives." Mrs. F., archly:—"Oh, you flatterer!"

If you do not wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else.

You who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling are a snob as are you who boast of your pedigree or are proud of your wealth.

Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he has to practice economy, he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.

Many an honest man practices upon himself an amount of deceit sufficient, if practiced upon another, and in a little different way, to send him to the state prison.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm hand-shakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

Imitating a Western contemporary, a paper in Westchester county, N. Y., is to publish a list of the young men in town who are "willing" to become benedicts.

Gus: "What is that red mark around your neck, Jack; somebody been trying to choke you?" Jack: No; I was tobogganing last night with a Vassar College girl.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, and I have known a man to come home in high spirits from a funeral merely because he had the management of it.

A young lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him come to church wearing it as a cravat.

Advice of an old cab-driver to his successor: "Always know the train that your passenger wishes to take, and reach the station at the very last moment, so that he cannot dispute with you, whatever fare you ask."

Scientists tell us that a man's brain decreases in size as he grows old. The human brain, it appears, weighs the heaviest between the ages of 14 and 20. This explains why young men know so much more than their elders.

Never find fault with your wife before others. Per contra, remember the counsel of the good book: "Her husband shall praise her in the gates." That is, before folks. Bear all her burdens for her; even then she'll bear more than you do, in spite of you.

Perhaps one of the most primitive of independent kingdoms is the little island of Johanna, in the Comoro group. The Sultan boards any ship that may call there, and endeavors to secure the washing for his wives, while the Prime Minister peddles cocoanuts and bananas.

"Look here," said a man to a newspaper writer. "I think you ought to stop printing nonsense about the deleterious effects of cigarettes." "Indeed! Do you think them harmless?" "O, no; but such publications injure my business." "Ah! What is your business?" "I'm an undertaker."

Perhaps children are "the silver cords that bind us to heaven," yet a man doesn't think about that who, after listening till 3 A. M., to the music of his infant, just glances wearily at his watch and remarks to his wife: "My dear, I think I'll just go out into the barn and try to get a little sleep."

The death of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground.

An orange tree near Quitman, Ga., owes its existence to a unique cause. Away back in his boyhood days the planter asked a cherish acquaintance for part of an orange that he was eating. Being refused, he solicited a seed, which he afterwards planted as a memorial of the acquaintance's selfish disposition. The seed developed into a most sturdy tree, more than a foot in diameter, and which, at last accounts, was loaded down with 2000 oranges.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Major's Love; or, The Sequel of a Crime," by Ella Brown Price, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is a love romance. The scene is Western Missouri, and the theme, the love of a former Union officer for the daughter of a rebel raider whom he believes he killed during the war, but whose death popular opinion ascribes to assassination. Price 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Like its predecessors *The Connoisseur* for March is gotten up in the best of taste in reading matter and illustrations. It is altogether an excellent little art publication. Published quarterly by Bailey, Banks & Biddle, this city.

The Cosmopolitan, one of our youngest monthlies, is rapidly taking a place in the front ranks of American magazine literature. In the February number colored illustrations are introduced, accompanying an article on the "Ballet in Paris," by Theodore Child. The March number, being the first of a new volume, signalizes the inauguration of a new management under the name of "The Cosmopolitan Magazine Company," with U. S. Grant, Jr., as Vice President. A new serial, "Miss Lou," by E. P. Roe, is commenced, to run for eight months, and the magazine appears in a new cover, printed in blue and red on paper resembling old vellum, which has been pronounced by capable critics to be the most handsome of all the magazine covers. The contents are by leading writers, and in miscellaneous, prose, poetry, and departmental matters, it altogether takes rank with the best. Published at Buffalo, New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for March comes to us richly freighted with the results of thought and investigation in the important field which it represents. The series of papers by Hon. David A. Wells on "Economic Disturbances," is continued by one in which he combats the notion that the displacement of hand labor by machinery is a disadvantage to the laborer. Prof. Andrew D. White contributes another of his curious "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science." In "Glimpses at Darwin's Working Life," William H. Larrabee presents some of the most striking characteristics revealed in the "Life and Letters" of the great naturalist. "Evolution: What it is not, and What it is," though anonymous, is plainly from the pen of one of the leading writers of popular science. The other articles are all by eminent writers, and the departments are full of interesting matter, as usual. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The March *Century* contains several features of romantic interest. The illustrated articles are "Col. Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison," described by one of the party who escaped; "The Home Ranch," Theodore Roosevelt; "English Cathedrals," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, this paper being devoted to Salisbury; "Some Pupils of Liszt," by Albert Morris Bagby, and "Franklin's Home and Host in France," by John Bigelow. The number also contains two full-page portraits of Bismarck, accompanying a short anonymous article. The Lincoln History deals with "The Call to Arms," the story of Sumter being retold authoritatively. A paper by the Rev. T. T. Munger considers a pressing question under the title of "Immigration by Passport." The fiction comprises the conclusion of Mr. Cable's "An Large;" Edward Eggleston's novel, "The Graysons," and a short story by Miss Helen Gray Cone. There is a liberal supply of poetry by several different authors, and the editorial departments are well filled as usual with interesting and entertaining reading. The Century Co., New York.

The patrons of *The Forum* have the privilege of reading the strongest arguments on all sides of the live questions of the day, presented by the most eminent writers. The issue for March may be termed a tariff reform number so far as political discussions go. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Springer, both Democratic revenue reformers, contribute articles on their side of the controversy, and President Seelye, of Amherst College, in discussing the political situation in general, shows a strong leaning to free trade. Rev. D. P. Livermore presents all that can be said in favor of woman suffrage, quoting authorities for all his assertions. The Rev. C. H. Parkhurst contributes an article on the public school discussion; Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, discusses the dangers to our social institutions; Henry Holt, the New York publisher, gives an inside view of the American publishing trade, and Thomas Hardy, who is, perhaps, the foremost of living English novelists, writes a helpful essay on novels and how to read them. Among the other interesting matter is a curious statistical study, of the kinds of news printed in the leading daily papers, contributed by Henry R. Elliot. This number begins the fifth volume of *The Forum*. The Forum Publishing Company, New York.

A SWALLOW does not make it Spring, but a simple application of a good remedy will give immediate relief. There is nothing better than Warner's Log Cabin Extract for external or internal applications. Prices $1 and 50 cents.

HE is idle that might be better employed. Dyspepsia is never idle—its tortures never cease. Better employ Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy, put the stomach in healthy action, and be fitted to continue your regular employment.

OLD-TIME FEASTING.

I happen to have a very ancient house keeper's book, the stained yellow pages of which—when, as is not always the case, I am able to decipher them—tell a good deal about what was doing in the family of a worthy squire between the years 1438 and 1451.

I was looking over this curious old relic the other day, and was much interested to find there a full bill of fare of a dinner that was served and, I suppose, digested by this gentleman, his wife, and friends, in 1443, at Christmas time.

First on the bill of fare came "Blaunche Porre," or, as we might call it, white soup; though possibly the mess was not white, and was more like thick porridge than like the soup of to-day. It was made as follows:

You took out the white interior of leeks, and parboiled them; then you minced them with onions, and simmered them with stock, throwing in a few sparrows or larks. When the whole was done, you colored it with saffron, and added—I imagine as a flavoring—"powdered marchant," whatever that may have been. Doubtless it was a spice, for fifteenth-century cooks put plenty of spice with everything.

There was spice with meat as well as with vegetables and puddings; and some of the dishes must have been hot enough to burn even the hardened throat of a modern Indian major-general, a being who, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to live almost entirely on curries and brandy.

After the "Blaunche Porre" came a chine of beef. This was, in other words, a portion, or the whole, of the back of an ox, with the adjoining parts. Following it came "Venison in Fyne Past."

And here, again, the writer gives no explanatory information. "Venison in paste," is rather vague. Perhaps it was a venison pie. Perhaps a haunch of venison was wrapped in dough, and boiled or baked bodily. I can't say. But about the preparation of the next item, "Capons in Confy," information is fortunately to hand.

"Capons in Confy" was a kind of savory stew of chickens. The dish is one which well illustrates our ancestors' great fondness for powerful flavors. Here is the recipe, but I cannot conscientiously counsel any one to try it:

Take your capons, and, having roasted them, cut them into small pieces, and mix them with beef gravy and milk of almonds. Add rice-flour and bread; strain and set the meat aside. To the liquor add some cloves, mace, and cinnamon. Boil some eggs hard, take out the yolks whole, cut up the whites, throw all into the liquor, color with saffron, boil, pour over the meat, sprinkle with powdered cloves, and serve.

Now, I assert, without much fear of contradiction, that this is a terrible dish. Imagine how it would taste after having been made by a cook who was liberal with her spices. It would take the skin off one's tongue, and create a thirst which would require little short of a Niagara to quench. Yet, pungent though it must have been, it was followed by another spicy dish in the shape of partridges—parboiled, larded, roasted, and eaten with powdered ginger; and by yet another called "Chowettes."

"Chowettes" were liver pasties, and they must have been as indigestible as anything in the bill of fare, which is saying a good deal. To make them, you took the livers of pigs and chickens, cut them up, freed them from grease, and mixed them with yolks of eggs and powdered ginger. With this you filled small pans lined with dough, and, having covered them, strewed some more of the ginger powder on the top, and baked them. Our ancestors must have had stomachs of iron to bear up under this ill-treatment.

After the "Chowettes" came "Fruit with Piscarde." I honestly confess my ignorance on the subject of "Piscarde," unless, indeed, they were the biscuits of the period, in which case there is just a distant possibility that they were a little less indigestible than some of the other things that were consumed at this banquet in 1443.

They were probably introduced in order to give the jaded diners a short period of rest; for a peacock had yet to be tackled, and a peacock dead is, for some purposes, far more formidable than a peacock living.

And then came the peacock—the crowning glory of the feast. The bird was flayed, and the inside of his skin was sprinkled with ground cumin. He was stuffed with yolks of eggs and roasted; and, having cooled a little, was replaced in his skin. His comb was then gilded, and he was borne triumphantly to the table.

Dreadful disorders commonly follow even some morern dinners. Still more fearful must have been the ills which resulted from indulgence in the pleasures of the festive table in 1443. But in those days every good housewife kept, as a corrective, a concoction which is spoken of as an excellent and tried remedy for the stomach and head.

This medicine was made of ginger, cinnamon, long pepper, rosemary, "graynes"—of each a quartern; cloves, mace, spikenard, nutmegs, "gardamour," "galingal"—of each one ounce; aloes, calamy, crocus, rhubarb—of each nine pennyweights. These materials were ground together to a coarse powder, and boiled in a gallon of sweet wine, then add two pounds of sugar. Five teaspoonfuls of this stuff was taken each morning when any one had been feasting not wisely but too well.

"Is that really true?" Druggist:—"Yes, madam, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is only 25c."

A bruise may result in an abcess if not promptly attended to. Apply Salvation Oil.

THE MOUSE TOWER.—The tower at Bingen is situated on an island in the Rhine, and is supposed to have been erected during the middle ages by some of the robber knights who then infested Germany. The ruins have been covered with stucco and converted into a watch tower.

Its name is popularly derived from the legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto, of Mayence. According to the story, as told in the well-known ballad of Southey, the crops of the district had failed one year, and all the poor people were starving. But the rich bishop had granaries filled to overflowing, which he was holding in order to profit by the advanced price of the grain. The wretched people besought him to give them food from his abundant stores. To end himself of their importunities, the bishop appointed a day for all the poor to come to his barn and receive a portion of grain. When they had all gathered in the building, the cruel prelate ordered his servants to fasten the doors and set fire to it, thus burning the wretched beings alive.

The next day a whole army of rats were seen coming towards the bishop's palace. He fled for safety to his tower on the Rhine, but the rats pursued him, swimming the river and scaling the walls of the tower; and, making their way into the room where the terrified bishop was trying to conceal himself, they devoured him alive. This was in the year 970.

A different story concerning the mouse (or maus) tower, however, is given. This asserts that the tower was not built until the thirteenth century, more than 200 years after the death of Bishop Hatto.

"It was intended, with the opposite castle of Ehrenfels, erected at about the same time, as a watch tower and toll house for collecting duties upon all goods which passed the spot. The word *maus* is probably an older form of *mauth*, meaning duty or toll, and this name, together with the very unpopular object for which the tower was erected, perhaps gave rise to the dolorous story of Bishop Hatto and the rats."

AN ARAB DENTIST.—Sir Henry Layard, in his recently published "Early Adventures," says that on one occasion when in the desert he was suffering greatly from the toothache; and the sheikh having declared that there was a skilful dentist in the encampment "I made up my mind," he says, "to put myself in hish ands rather than endure it any longer. "He was accordingly sent for.

He was a tall, muscular Arab. His instruments consisted of a short knife or razor, and a kind of iron awl. He bade me sit on the ground, and then took my head firmly between his knees. After cutting away the gums he applied the awl to the roots of the tooth, and, striking the other end of it with all his might, expected to see the tooth fly into the air. But it was a double one, and not to be removed by such means from the jaw. The awl slipped and made a severe wound in my palate. He insisted upon a second trial, and declaring that he could not succeed. But the only result was that he broke off a large piece of the tooth, and I had suffered sufficient agony to decline a third experiment."

SURROUNDINGS.—Much of the success and the failure, much of the good conduct and the evil, much of the happiness and the misery of men's lives results from their surroundings. Estimate as fully as we may the influences of inherited tendencies and early training, of personal desire and power of resistance, of abilities and deficiencies, of effort and inaction, still we can never afford to forget or depreciate the great pressure exerted on every one by the immediate circumstances of his life. The place where he dwells, the work in which he is engaged, the people who surround him, the mental and spiritual atmosphere which he breathes, are all combining with other influences to make him what he is. Thus any system of education or of self-culture that leaves out this element will work at a serious disadvantage.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6, 1888.

The story of Dress Goods goes on day after day like the murmur of the sea in a shell. The broad expanse of Ginghams, Sateens, Chintzes and their companions is as fresh as dewy pastures.

WOMEN'S MUSLIN AND CAMBRIC UNDERWEAR. New things all the time coming in. Here are some suggestive prices:

Night Gowns, 53c, 65c, 75c, 85c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 to $11.

Chemises, 39c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, $1 to $5.

Drawers, 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1, $1.25 to $5.

Skirts, 50c, 63c, 75c, 90c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 to $16.

Lace Trimmed Skirts, $1.50 and $1.75; the $2 and $2.50 kinds.

Skirts, blind embroidered ruffle, 75c and 90c; the $1 and $1.50 kinds.

SPRING STYLES IN MEN'S HATS. A HENRY HEATH or Townsend & Co. Hat, from London, if you wish; or a Knox Hat, from New York (we are the agents here), or the best Philadelphia makes. Our $2.50 and $3 Derby and $4 and $5 Silk Hats deserve special attention. Plenty of higher cost grade.

ARE YOU THINKING OF THE NEW CARPET? We are ready for you. More space, more styles, more novelties, more price-pull, taking all sorts together, than we have ever had before.

For the Spring sales we introduce a new line of Brussels, Technical designation, "Wanamaker." The name "Wanamaker" woven on the back is a guarantee. Best worsted, exclusive styles and quality, sold under special guarantee of service, at $1.25 a yard, and a choice of thirty styles, ought to attract.

To be had only here.

Besides these regular Brussels we have a large line of standard and reliable goods which we are offering at retail for less than wholesale price. Axminsters and Wiltons were never handsomer. Ingrains 25c to $1. An entirely new stock of Smyrna Rugs and Carpets. Carpet linings. Oil Cloths. $10 for a 40-yard roll of Japanese Matting. No matter where the Carpet, Rug or Matting is made, if it is worth caring for you'll find it here.

Information, estimates or samples sent to any address. Churches, hotels and the like are particularly interested.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Coughs,	**Colds,**
Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
Headache,	**Inflammations,**
Toothache,	**Congestion.**

Strong Testimony from Honorable George Starr as to the Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

NO. 3 VAN NESS PLACE, New York.

DR. RADWAY: With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and, at times, in both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,

GEO. STARR.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the Malarial poison will every morning take 20 or 30 drops of Ready Relief in water, and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

For the cure of all chronic diseases, Chronic rheumatism, scrofulous complaints, etc., glandular swelling, hacking dry cough, cancerous affections, bleeding of the lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, white swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip disease, gout, dropsy, rickets, salt rheum, bronchitis, consumption, liver complaints, etc.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing diabetes, inflammation or irritation of the bladder, albuminous or brick dust deposits or white sand, etc., establishing its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. One Dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE, 25 cents Per Box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Humorous.

A COMMON HUMANITY.

To steal a kiss is wrong, I know it:
  Judges there are who would decree
Offenders should be made to show it,
  Submitting to some penalty.
But given a drive, moonlit, forsaken;
  One girl, not stern, warm lips, bright face,
One man, not wooden; and now, taken—
  Well, what would you take in his place?

So then, his guiltlessness declaring
  As we the provocation note,
I rather from your lofty bearing
  A crime you count it to provoke.
But I would justify the woman,
  As you the man did, nothing loth,
And make the plea of being human
  Do duty in the case of both.

—FLORA MACDONALD.

Table-talk—Spirit-rapping.

A tidy fortune—An orderly housewife.

Sleepers are cars for travelers to lay awake in.

Point of observation—The needle-point of the compass.

The more heated the discussion between friends the cooler their subsequent relations.

What is the difference between a successful lover and his rival?—The one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.

"A married man," says one who knows, "can always pack a trunk more easily than a bachelor can. He gets his wife to do it for him."

What is the difference between a man at the masthead of a ship and the ship itself?—The ship sails over the seas, and the man sees over the sails.

Employer, sharply: "Don't you see what's on the door?" Pat: "A bit of paper, sur." "It says, 'Please shut the door.'" "Faith, I didn't hear it, sur."

Papa to 4-year-old son: "Won't you have another piece of duck, Johnnie?" Johnnie: "Yeth, thir, I believe I will. Duck'th my favorite chicken 'cept turkey."

They were out in a boat, and she very innocently asked him if it was possible to steer with one hand. He had never been there before, but he caught on like an old stager.

"Wife, one day after marriage: "No, dear, don't give me any money; I might lose it." Same wife, one year after marriage: "I took a five dollar note from your pocket-book last night, John."

She: "You visited the Italian cities while abroad, of course, Mr. Smith?" He: "Oh, yes!" She: "Isn't Naples an interesting place?" He: "It is, indeed. I stayed there nearly two weeks, just on account of the macaroni."

Wife: "Before we were married you didn't think seven evenings a week too often to visit me. I can't see why you don't stay at home more now." Husband: "Surely, you don't mean to say, my dear, that I stayed much at home then?!"

In describing the murder of a man named Jorkins, a reporter thus commented on the event: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money; but luckily Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so he lost nothing but his life."

This is the way an enthusiastic voter in San Francisco, whose candidate had achieved a small majority, took occasion to express himself: "Gentlemen, the renown of this glorious victory will re-echo in golden letters through the corridors of the river of time."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big man like you to be a beggar and a tramp. You oughtn't to be afraid of work!" "I know it, mum, but I can't help it. You see, my nurse frightened me once in a dark room when I was a baby, and I have been afraid ever since."

Bridegroom, on their way to Niagara: "You're sure you're quite warm and comfortable, love?" Bride: "Oh, yes, dear, quite." Bridegroom: "I don't like to see you sitting with your back to the engine, darling. You don't feel any draught?" Bride: "Oh, not the slightest!" Bridegroom, who does: "Then, sweetest, would you mind changing places?"

The Melbourne International Exhibition.

Australia celebrates the centenary of her settlement by a grand International Exhibition at Melbourne, commencing August 1st next, and continuing for six months. Congress has appropriated $50,000, will appoint commissioners to represent the United States, and it is hoped that very many private firms will make exhibits. The government of Victoria controls the exhibition and gives space and steam for motive power free. The exhibition building and annexes will cover twenty-four acres of ground, and the display, both local and from foreign countries, will be the largest ever seen in the southern hemisphere. Goods for exhibition are admitted duty free. Australia is a rich and growing country. American goods sell well there, and the comparative nearness of Australia to America should inspire our business men to control her markets. Mr. John M. Ives, who for the past three years has been in the antipodes as manager for the well known Safe Cure House of H. H. Warner & Co., has just returned with letters from the chief secretary and commissioners; also blank applications for space, which he will be pleased to send free on application to him at Rochester, N. Y. Applications should be made at once, as goods must be in position not later than July first next.

HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

SITTING FOR PICTURES.—A New York photographer prints a circular containing eight "Suggestions to Sitters," and the following valuable advice "To the Ladies:" "When a lady, sitting for a picture, would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say 'bonom,' and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say 'brand,' the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small she must say 'flip;' but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say 'cabbage.' Ladies, when having their photographs taken, may observe these rules with some advantage to themselves."

THE PURPOSE OF WOMAN'S LIFE.—Here is some advice a worldly but wise little woman gave her daughters: "My dears, let your first thought be never to disarrange even for an instant that drapery of pleasantness which a woman should always wear. Keep it on even for your husbands, dears; it is practice if nothing else. Yes, be agreeable even when you are alone with your looking-glass. Never forget the purpose of your life."

How Much Should Mothers Become Doctors

The old adage, "Every man to his trade," has a sharp value and something of the Anglo-Saxon ring. But in the subdivision of labor incident to civilization, every mother necessarily becomes a nurse. She decides whether the little one is sick, and immediately consults her MENTOR which gives, at the outset, an amount of useful knowledge at which many arrive only after years of experience. It is needless to state whose MENTOR, MANUAL and MEDICATOR she has in her possession, since Dr. Humphrey's Books and HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS have found their way into nearly every household and are too well and widely known to require special comment from us. They are called for, not only by the mother prescribing for her ailing child, because they are mild and efficacious, but by the old and young throughout the land, in whom a continued experience of their results has developed a confidence enjoyed by no other medicine. If it is worm-fever, a pellets of No. TWO every few hours, will afford speedy relief. Should it prove to be colic, crying or wakefulness, SPECIFIC NO. THREE is what the mother gives now, instead of the old nauseating paregoric. Yes, it must be confessed—the power is mild, but it cures.

SILK AND SATIN RIBBONS FREE
LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU!

A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best every lady knows and appreciates, the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbons handy for the millinery and our tasty and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and which they, the ladies are so much advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would create a large bill of expense, and therefore debars a great many from indulging their tastes in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America, which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of Silk and Satin Ribbon Remnants of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away FREE; nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for all the ladies beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely FREE. We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction and can offer an immense, varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted to neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, sash, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the pieces are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. How to get a box containing a Complete Assortment of these elegant ribbons Free. The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion, published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best publication of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 25cts. per year. Send 25 cents and we will send it to you for a year, and will also send Free a box of the ribbons; 2 subscriptions and 2 boxes, 50 cts.; 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes, $1. Our usual postage stamps may be sent for less than $1. Get 2 friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only $1; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact—those who need the periodical ordered by us for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price for it; it is in order to at once secure 250,000 new subscribers, who not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known; you will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better send this out, or send at once for probably it won't appear again. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Gives prompt and permanent relief in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS of every description.

INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, Fetid Discharges from the EAR, OZÆNA, Affections of the ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a boon to both Physician and Patient.

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to prevent the spread of CONTAGION, it is the best DISINFECTANT known.

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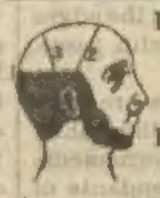

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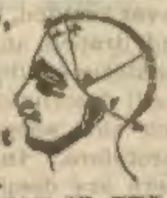

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

DR. SCHENCK'S
Mandrake Pills have a value as a household remedy far beyond the power of language to describe. The family can hardly be true to itself that does not keep them on hand for use in emergencies.

MANDRAKE
Is the only vegetable substitute for that dangerous mineral, MERCURY, and while its action as a curative is fully equal, it possesses none of the perilous effects.

In Constipation, Mandrake acts upon the bowels without disposing them to subsequent Costiveness.

No remedy acts so directly on the liver, nothing so speedily cures Sick Headache, Sour Stomach and Biliousness as these PILLS.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Phila'a.

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IS A POSITIVE CURE
For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common among the
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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacements, also Spinal Weakness and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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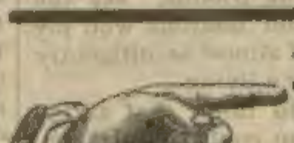

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Latest Fashion Phases.

What strikes one chiefly in an inspection of the fashions, as they are presented in the shops, is the extreme neatness of the styles, and the wonderful cheapness of ready-made clothing.

Nicely draped skirts of woolen material, with a sufficient length for the bodice, may be bought for a very small sum. Jackets also are low priced; and as to bonnets and hats the choice is immense; thus a complete walking outfit, not of course in the best quality, but still neat and ladylike, may be purchased by the economical, and if in these days of cheap clothing any woman is attired in wornout, or ugly and ill-fitting garments, it is simply from mismanagement of her finances, or from want of knowledge and taste to guide her in the choice of her costumes.

These dresses are in tailor-made styles, and chiefly of striped or chequered fabrics; the plain Amazon cloths, of which so many fashionable costumes are made, are more expensive, and are frequently combined with one of the rough woolens in large chequers that are always stylish when well made, but good making is *sine qua non* where large patterns are concerned.

A very good model, made in this way, is composed of a large chequered woolen, in blue and pale mastic, and Amazon cloth in the latter color, used in broad bands pinked out in scallops at the edge.

The tunic is draped high on thisside and falls in a coquille, lined with a wide band of the Amazon cloth; along the lower edge of the tunic the cloth appears as a narrow border only; the same arrangement is followed at the back, but the band widens again where it follows the back drapery to the waist on the left side.

The front, edge, and sleeves of the plain corsage are also ornamented with pinked-out bands of cloth, placed under the chequered material.

Like many other fashions, that of cutting out the edges of materials in scallops is abused, and falls into disrepute, not because there is anything wrong about the mode, but because it is misapplied. It has been adopted for thin or loosely-woven fabrics, for which it is not in the least suited, and was never intended, and the scallops have frayed out, or curled up at the points, and, in short, the dresses finished off in this way have worn very badly; but with firmly and closely-woven cloth no drawbacks of this kind need be feared, and the pinked-out edges of the Amazon cloth form a very durable trimming.

Braiding is as universal as ever, especially very fine braiding executed with narrow braid, with a fine gold, silver or steel cord on one side. Panels, corners of tunics, and bodices are ornamented with braiding, or with its substitute, fine cord passementerie ornaments.

Lighter woolens, cashmere amongst the number, are employed for better dresses, with plush, and with various striped fabrics, partly of wool, and partly of cut and uncut velvet, plush, satin and faille, with patterns in silk knots, or some other fanciful arrangement.

A ladylike costume, in dark-green plush and cashmere, the color of a bay leaf, has the skirt of plush, pleated on the left side, where the cashmere tunic opens over it, and is gracefully draped across the front and at the back, and caught up on the hip with a green passementerie ornament. The bodice opens over a plush plastron, with revers fastened back on the chest with handsome passementerie ornaments. This is very fashionable.

A few dresses are made with very short draperies; but, as a rule, long tunics or draped skirts, which give the flowing lines so grateful to the eye, are preferred, and will, in all probability, continue in vogue for some time to come.

Nearly all the ball toilettes for young ladies' wear are of tulle in white, in plain colors, or in two shades, one over the other.

Very pretty flower-like arrangements are made in this way, but the colors require careful combination; brown tulle over yellow, trimmed with straps and bows of brown and yellow ribbon, is a very good combination; pink over green, or green over pink, is also pretty; mauve or violet combines well with pale straw color, blue with old gold, and white or cream with all colors.

Many of the dresses are made with panels of moire silk on one side of the skirt, and a low bodice of moire silk; others are trimmed with straps and bows, or with long loops and ends of satin or moire ribbon, the hems are run with floss silk, and in some cases the skirt is made with a pleated panel of the tulle tucked to the waist, all the tucks, which are from one-and-a-half to two inches wide, being run with silk.

Plain cloth costumes are very popular and also very stylish; the mode is one that spreads day by day, and the costumes are frequently enriched with gold and silver braiding, and sometimes with panels and other ornaments of gold or silver embroidery or lace. With these costumes the capote and muff are also made of cloth, and in all these the edges, in place of being turned up and hemmed, are cut in small, sharp, pointed scallops.

Costumes of plain cloth are also ornamented with plain braiding to match, but the design must be rich and evidently hand-worked.

Dresses of figured woolen materials are never braided, but are stitched at the edges and draped and ornamented with passementerie appliques.

All descriptions of trimmings are very rich this season, but less brilliant than heretofore. In passementerie ornaments there are deep fringes with pendants of irregular length, intermingled sometimes with threads of gold, silver or colored silk. Cords are also made in this way, but so little color is introduced that the ornaments are not too bright and striking for ordinary wear.

Jet and bead fringes are made extremely deep, but of finely cut beads, and deep fringes are also made consisting of rows of small silk tassels mingled with silk covered balls and pendants.

Jackets, it is hardly necessary to repeat, are a universal mode; those made of plush or fur are simple in style, and have no ornaments save a handsome clasp or cord brandenburghs. But the new cloth jackets are diversified in many ways, and are very coquettish vetements; they are usually made of very fine, plain cloth, in rather light neutral shades.

The most fashionable colors are mastic, reseda, beige, the whole gamut of grays and browns—especially browns—and dark blue and green.

Many of the jackets for young ladies are made in imitation of military jackets, and braided or ornamented to resemble these with brandenburghs, aiguillettes, tabs, or thick passementerie trimmings partly made of silk cord.

Jackets are also made with braided or embroidered plastrons of cloth or velvet, or else the plastron is of plain cloth, with bands of embroidery in horizontal, vertical, or diagonal stripes. The edge of the jacket is simply stitched, or it may be finished off with pinked-out edges.

The fronts are also finished in this way in some models, and lined with two or three pinked-out stripe of the cloth, each one advancing a little beyond the last, and the whole forming a very pretty trimming.

Pleated plastrons of faille a little longer than the jacket, and matching it in color, are also employed; the plastron is pleated as far as the waist only, and the edge is cut out in scallops.

A novelty for tea-gowns or indoor dresses is a low open waistcoat of plush or velvet worn over the lace or thick silk underdress, and either laced or buttoned in front. Many ladies prefer this style to the blouse front, as the well-fitting waistcoat defines the waist instead of concealing it. The long loose overdress is fastened at the throat only, and falls in straight lines to the edge.

Some charming new parures are made of striped gauze or muslin in two colors; the deep falling collar, and turned back cuffs to match, are finely pleated, so that the colored stripe shows above, and the white or black ground between the pleats.

Odds and Ends.

FASHIONABLE FANCY WORK.

Fancy work, at the very words, so elastic in their meaning, innumerable thoughts come in one's mind. What can become of all the fancy work that is done in a single year?

"Why, we use some of it in our houses and give some to our friends," say the indefatigable girls and matrons who ply the needle and thread almost as diligently as those who work for a living.

Yes; but one would think that all the houses in Christendom could hardly contain the never-ending supply that is always forthcoming.

In a search after news for fancy-work lovers we saw, lately, some lovely strips for curtains of Flemish linen, worked in exquisite shades of colored cotton. They were set patterns closely worked in satin stitch, but could be quickly accomplished, since the stitches were long; and each one was self-colored, either a soft green or a delicate carnation tint.

The cushion covers were just the thing to suit the Oriental style of decoration that is so much in vogue; the colors of the sateen grounds would tone splendidly with Eastern rugs and carpets and Benares ware ornaments. The sateens might almost be taken for silk handkerchiefs that had been laid by for years, so time-worn in their coloring they look; and the Moravian cottons for working out the patterns are of charming tints. Red and blue are used on a dark red ground for the Turkish stitch, which is, in fact, the old herring-bone.

Decorations done in Hambro' wool are handsome, and can be finished off very rapidly, as the thickness of the wool does not allow of fine stitches.

A delightfully simple chair-back was of white sateen cloth; one end was ornamented with lattice-work, over which trailed leaves in shades of brown and green Hambro' thrown up with filoselle; a light bordering edged the other three sides. It would make a very pretty present, and could be executed in no time, comparatively speaking.

Cloth tablecovers are pinked out at the edge now, for ladies, it is said, do not like the expense of fringing them. This laudable economic idea is certainly an improvement, as it is much lighter, and does not detract from the work, as many of the fringes do, by the coloring being too bright.

One tablecover was of dark greenish felt, worked in broad outline with shades of apricot, and had plush medallions at the corners. Another, of terra-cotta diagonal cloth, was beautifully worked with French knots, basket and satin stitches, and couching, all done in shades of electric-blue.

A canvas and honeycomb cloth makes a pleasing ground; the squares, which are of canvas pattern, but not open threads, are worked in cross-stitch, and the alternate honeycomb squares are darned. It is suitable for five o'clock tea and sideboard cloths.

The new Smyrna work is done with a needle with wool chenille on canvas; it is very soft and pretty.

On course wool canvas wool is drawn through, then knotted and the ends left to fall loosely in resemblance of tassels. It answers well for brackets and mantel-borders, but not so well for cushions.

The rough felt used for tablecovers had an appliqué of tapestry cretonne, which was worked with tinsel and silk. A table slip was composed of golden-brown plush enriched with a pattern in shades of gold. An Empress cosy of crimson satin had a Macrame bordering. The Macrame was laid on, as it were, upside down, the heading of the border being at the bottom of the cosy, and the vandyked edge standing up like a crown with the fringe ends caught to the top and knotted.

A speciality is the ecclesiastical work; every conceivable article that can be embroidered for use in churches is prepared ready for working.

Mantel borders of ecru granite have a handsome dragon border in red. One advantage of the Russian work is that it can be done in stripe, which is always convenient; another, that the materials are stamped, so that no counting of stitches is requisite for carrying out the patterns.

Furniture upholstered in dark colored material, worked with cross-stitch, looks extremely well. Ladies might more often furnish a bedroom in this style; it would be to many a novelty, and it makes an agreeable change from cretonnes.

Some people delight in "tossing up" brocades, velvets, laces and ribbons into stylish bags, dainty caps, fichus, neckties and such-likes. Fancy work proper is rather too slow a process to please them. Now with a piece of old French brocade, or some squares of Eastern embroidery, with a length of soft corded silk or plush, and a few yards of ribbon and beautiful old lace, what charming confections can be made in an hour or two. The very writing of the words calls up memories of delicious bits of coloring, coquettish articles fit for a Princess to don, and quaint knick-knacks bewitching enough to satisfy a squeamish lover's taste as offerings to "the dearest girl in the world."

There is as much art in such "tossing up" as there is in draping, and a good deal more than in carrying out elaborate pieces of fancy work that are already commenced, and, in some cases, almost completed before the ladies put their needles into the materials. "Tossing up" must be done lightly, gracefully and with spirit. The combination of colors must be harmonious, whilst form must be fairly considered. Indeed, the best confections are pictures in stuffs, and "tossing up" is nearer akin to artists work than some of us think for.

Confidential Correspondents.

JENNIE L.—Diamonds are not generally dug out of the ground, but are found in narrow crevices of rocks.

AILEEN.—Two or more young ladies who are sisters are called "The Misses So-and-so," not "The Miss So-and-so's."

ANXIOUS.—When two brothers are in love with the same young lady there is sure to be trouble ahead. We certainly think we had better not interfere in the matter.

SHERRY.—Your question has been answered over and over again. Of course a Roman Catholic can be President of the United States if he be a native-born citizen and have votes enough to elect him.

REX.—The word is doubtless "deodand," meaning in law a thing which has caused the death of a person, and for that reason is forfeited to the King, and applied by him to pious uses—a law now abolished.

CHIMES.—The first striking clock, it is said, was imported into Europe by the Persians about the year 800. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdullah, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem.

FREDDY S.—A parody is a kind of writing in which the words of an original sentence, article, or book, are just sufficiently altered as to reverse the sense, render it ridiculous, or else turn it to some other purpose.

PRIMROSE.—You have an active brain, and are of an imaginative turn of mind; are hopeful and cheerful in disposition, generously inclined in money matters, affectionate, sensitive, and fairly strong-willed; are energetic.

B. F. T.—The postal system of the American Colonies was under the supervision of the Postmaster General of the United States, and Benjamin Franklin was his deputy. Franklin was also the first Postmaster General of the United States.

MARY B.—The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1000 yards, and reliable accounts are given of a cocoon yielding 1,200 yards, or a fibre nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

PUZZLED.—There is no positive law to prevent a person from taking a new or an additional Christian name; but it is unusual, and might lead to very unpleasant surmises. In case of affixing such a pseudonym to deeds, disputes in respect to identity might ensue, and thence law-suits might arise.

NIMROD.—We do not know anything of the advertising gentleman you speak of. If he tells you "the use of a truss is fraught with danger," it is only because he wants you to adopt some contrivance of his own. A properly constructed truss is absolutely the safest protection against rupture existing.

M. A. N.—The only way to be sure, is to consult a lawyer. The laws of each State are not always alike on the subject of wills. Such a will could not be made in Pennsylvania—that is for the husband to regulate the disposal of his wife's property after his death—and we do not think it can be done in Kansas. However, a lawyer would tell you.

F. H. F.—We have read somewhere that glass may be cut under water with great ease, to almost any shape, with a pair of shears or strong scissors. Two things are necessary for success—first, the glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to perform the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and to reduce the shape gradually to that required. The softer glasses cut the best, and the scissors need not be very sharp.

JINKES.—Although the British Government abolished the African slave trade in 1807, it did not lead to an improved treatment of the negroes in the West Indies, and a measure for the entire abolition of slavery was passed in 1833. The sum of $100,000,000 was voted as compensation to the planters, and a system of apprenticeship for seven years was established. Immediate liberation was carried out in Antigua. The apprenticeship system did not work well. In 1838 it was brought to an end by act of Parliament, and in August of that year the slaves in all the Colonies were given their freedom.

READER.—The way you put the case, is peculiar, inasmuch as you do not say whether the friend who has got married is male or female, or your own sex. These matters make a decided difference as to the course to be pursued. In the case of the writer being a lady, and the friend a lady, it would be in very bad taste to make any reference to the marriage until introduced in proper form to the husband. This holds good, no matter where you meet the married couple for the first time together. If the writer is a gentleman, and the married friend a lady, the same rule will hold good. If the married friend is a gentleman, of course the wife is saluted at the same time that he is saluted; then if there is to be an interchange of courtesies, these must be preceded by the introduction to the wife, when congratulations of both are in order. 2. The hand would indicate carelessness along with strength of mind and a desire to do right in essential things. It shows a taste for color and showy garments. It shows good nature, liberality, and in some things—fickleness.

LIBERTY.—Common gas is made from bituminous or soft coal. The coal is heated in air-tight iron retorts. The gas thence arising is conducted into the condenser, a series of bent iron tubes which are kept as cold as possible by means of a stream of cold water upon their outside surface, to arrest impurities by the process of condensation. It then goes through a case called the scrubber, which contains pieces of coke, over which water constantly trickles, to eliminate any traces of ammonia that may still cling to it. From this it passes through the lime purifier, an iron box fitted with shelves, on which is placed slaked lime, to absorb the carbonic acid in the gas. Part of its sulphuretted hydrogen is also taken out here, and the remainder is eliminated by a passage through caustic soda, sawdust, and oxide of lead, or iron sulphate. The gas is now ready to be passed into mains and conducted to large reservoirs, whence it is conveyed to houses for use. In large gas manufactories this process goes on continually, the coke being removed from the retorts as fast as made, and fresh coal put in. When properly made illuminating gas is a pure hydro-carbon, containing 82 per cent. of carbon and 6 per cent. of hydrogen. The average yield of gas is about 10,000 cubic feet to every ton of coal.